The Centre Reporter.

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FLOOD AND FIRE.

OIL REGIONS A SCENE OF A TERRIBLE HOLLCAST.

Over Two Hundred Lives Lost at Titusville and Oil City on Sunday. Burning Oil Carried on the Surface of the Water.

The oil regions of Pennsylvania were visited on Sunday by a disaster of fire and water that is only eclipsed in the history of this country by the memorable flood at Johnstown just three years ago. It is safe to say that no less than 200 lives have been lost. Nearly 100 bodies have already been recovered and many people are still missing. The number may far exceed 200, but this is regarded as a conservative estimate. The property loss will reach far into the millions. At Titusville the loss is estimated at $1,500,000; Oil City, $1,500,000; Corry, $60,000; Meadville, $150,000, and the surrounding country probably a million more. For nearly a month it has been raining throughout Western and Northern Pennsylvania almost incessantly and for the past three or four days the downpour in the devastated regions has been very heavy. The constant rain last week converted all the small streams into raging torrents, so that when the cloud burst came on Sunday morning the streams were soon beyond their boundaries and the great body of water came sweeping down Oil creek to Titusville. which is is eighteen miles south of its source.

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THE DEVASTATION AT OIL CITY.

Fire and Flood Caused Immense Damage—Many Unfortunates Were Drowned—Some Burned to Death.

OIL CITY, June 5.—Never before in the history of Oil City and the oil country has there been such disaster, excitement and turmoil as this city is now witnessing. At 11.45 o'clock this morning the city and country for miles around was startled by two explosions occurring almost simultaneously.

Oil creek was a raging torrent and over 500 people had approched it banks watching the muddy waters rolling by. At about 11.30 upon the opposite side of the stream a greenish fluid floating on the water was noticable. This increased rapidly in quantity and extent and at last covered almost entirely the yellow muddy waters of the creek. A smell of gas and oil was perceptible and several gentlemen were discussing the danger should the oil catch fire.

Hardly were the words uttered when 200 yards up the stream, a mass of flames was seen to shoot heavenward. "Run" yelled a hundred voices and the people turned like stampeded cattle, and started for the hills. Hardly had they started when a terrific explosion rent the air and the entire creek for hundreds of feet on each side seemed one seething mass of flame and smoke.

The panic-stricken crowd shrieked madly in their efforts to escape. Women and children were trampled under foot, and about twenty were severely bruised and had to be picked up by a few of the cooler heads and carried out of harms way. Oil Creek is not usually more than a foot deep at this point, where it empties into the Allegheny river about 100 yards wide. Directly at its mouth is the iron bridge of the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio railroad. About two squares further up the stream, is the iron and wooden bridge of the city connecting the Third ward with the city proper. On the side of the creek is Trinity Methodist church on the one side of Centre street and the Derrick office and oil exchange opposite. Across the creek, and built up square from the waters's edge, was the hotel and livery stable of J. B. Reinbold, and the furniture house of Paul & Sons. These buildings were built on a narrow strip between the creek and the hills which rise precipitously back of them.

About half a mile from the postoffice northward from here on the western New York & Pennsylvania railroad a tank filled with gasoline was standing on a siding. Some young men noticed that the tank was leaking and knowing its explosive nature and seeing a shifting engine approach, ran up the side of the hill where they turned and looking down as the engine passed witnessed a fearful sight and a mass of flames shot a hundred feet in the air and the earth seemed to shake with an awful tremor. The engineer and fireman were seen jumping from the cab and it is supposed at this writing they were burned or killed by the explosion. In an instant the flames swept madly over the entire upper part of the city, which was flooded by the oily waters of the creek. And men, women and children, who were moving from their houses were caught by the deadly flames and if not burned to death outright were drowned in the raging flood.

At one end of the city was another iron and wood bridge which went down five minutes after the fire started, the huge iron structure being broken and swept away like so much kindling wood. From this bridge southward far a quarter of a mile the entire town is destroyed. Paul & Sons' furniture house, a four story immense building was swept away. Reinbold's hotel and livery stable were destroyed in a few minutes and Mr. Reinbold and two others who have not been identified were burned to death. These three bodies have been recovered and it is not known how many more are lost. About half the Third ward has been destroyed.

People were panic stricken all over town and afternoon mothers have been running madly about looking for their lost children. Fathers of families are searching for their children and endeavoring to get them all together in a place of safety. It is almost impossible to find words to describe this awful calamity. For miles up the creek on both sides everything is in ruins and hundreds of families have been rendered homeless. The fire came so suddenly and so unexpected that very little, if any, property has been saved along this stream, and the sky for mile around was black with the smoke from the burning dwellings and oil tanks.

When the two explosions occurred people were knocked down by the force of the shocks and every window for two squares along Centre street was broken. Falling glass added to the danger and several people were slightly cut. One young girl was picked up out of the mud of the street after the crowd had passed over her. She was badly bruised and cut but not seriously injured, it is thought. The panic at this time was something awful and it was remarkable that no one was killed by the horses and the wild mob as it was a case of every one for himself. The flames and smoke covered the entire lower part of the city and it seemed that the entire city was doomed to destruction.

The water in Oil creek is falling slowly at this time and it is hoped the worst is over and no more lives will be lost. The creek is about fifteen feet deep here now and about one hundred yards wide and in the memory of the oldest inhabitants has never been so high before. In the upper part of town about one hundred dwellings have been destroyed by fire and owing to the depth of the water, the fire department can do little to stop the flames. This part of the city cannot be reached at all and Senrea street, up to within four squares of the postoffice, is blocked with lumber sheds and roofs of houses which have floated down from above. Nothing seems to be exaggerated and affairs are appaling.

Few of the spectators who were watching the flood when the explosions occurred and escaped can give a good idea of what happened. All agree that there was a terrific explosion and that the air was filled with flames. This was quickly followed by two other explosions. Men thought that hell had broken loose on earth, and they were apparently not very far out of the way. Three gasoline tanks had exploded almost at the same time.

The oil on the creek blazed up, gas in the air burst into a roaring flame and sheets of water, land and air, were all literally ablaze. Men, women and children were knocked prostrate by the shock, and many never arose. The multitude fled with screams of anguish for the higher ground. In the rush many of the weak were trampled upon and badly injured. Some were hurt by horses, others ran, leaped into the water and were drowned. The flames in the air quickly burned out, but they left huge volumes of black smoke across the face of the heavens, beneath which roared the fierce fire of the burning oil upon the water. The many submerged houses and shops along the creek bottom were soon in flames and the silent fire of blazing gas was succeeded by the crackling flames of burning homes. In many of these houses the people were confined. They could not escape for the fire. Within sight of thousands who heard their piteous screams they burned to death or leaped into the river and there perished by both floods and fire.

Such a combined scene of destruction by two terrible elements was seldom witnessed upon this earth. It is marvellous that from this valley of death any were saved alive. It is strange that out of this mingling of fire and flood any houses were spared.

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WRECK AND RUIN.

At Titusville—Many Lives Were Lost in the Flood and Some Perished in the Flames—Business Blocks Destroyed, Etc.

TITUSVILLE, Pa., June 5.—The city of Titusville has been visited during the past twenty-four hours by one of the most disastrous fires and floods in all the history of the region. Oil creek has overflown its banks from the west and above the water and gas works to the city line below and for hours assumed the proportions of an almost resistless flood, almost up to the line of Spring street. The city is without electric light. The water works and gas works are surrounded by water and inundated.

The Perry street and Franklin street iron briges have been swept away; scores of cheap dwelling houses in the lower part of the city, on Mechanic street and vicinity have been lost, some being burned, but the majority perishing by drowning.

The scene presented by the rushing waters surging through the lower part of the city as witnessed by thousands of citizens was one of utter desolation. When morning broke hundreds of anxious people looked out of the windows or stood on the roofs of the houses waiting for a helping hand and trembling for their fate. Strong and brave men by means of boats and roapes succeeded in reaching and saving those who had a secure position till help arrived or till the waters began to recede.

To add to the horror of the scene rain fell in torrents, fire broke out in the refineries at different points and the burning oil sweeping down the current was communicated to other manufacturing plants and establishments and the destruction was increased a hundred fold.

It is simply impossible to give the reader an idea of the terrible scence enacted in our midst. People do not as yet realize through what they are passing. Fully fifty people are yet unaccounted for, and in the present rush, excitement and confusion it is out of the question to correctly state the number exactly drowned or burned to death. Five persons, all males were seen to perish while grasping a piece of timber. Just as the thousand of spectators who were looking on with bated breath, unable to render the slightest assistance, were led to believe that the sufferers would reach land safely, a neighboring tank of oil exploded in close proximity, and in a moment the doomed men were enveloped in flames and death came speedily to relieve their sufferings, their bodies being at once swallowed up in the surging waters.

Scores of cases of a like fearful character are reported. Among them is that of a mother with her babe clasped to her breast with one hand while with the other she clung to a piece of plank. The board drifted with great force toward the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley and Pittsburgh depot, around which the water was rushing furiously at a depth of five feet. So swift had been the current that a large hole had been washed under the platform of the station. As the mother and babe reached this point the suction was so great that it drew them in and they disappeared from view.

The almost constant rains of the past month caused the earth to be so thoroughly filled that it would hold no more. Therefore the heavy down pour of Saturday and Saturday night caused more of the small streams to overflow their banks. Early in the evening Church run, in the nothern part of the city gave much trouble. About midnight Oil creek began to suddenly rise. So sudden was the inundation that the flood was in before the residents were aware of the danger and not more than half of them managed to reach high ground.

The suddenness of the rise of this famous old water was later explained by the intelligence that the huge mill dam of Thompson & Eldred located at Spartansburg, about seven miles from this city had burst. The lake made by this dam was a half mile in length by a quarter mile in breadth and water thus suddenly let loose made of this valley in the course of a few moments a roaring Amazon.

To-night the undertaking establishments of Messrs. Davidson & McDevitt have been turned into a temporary morgue and with the exception of seven Hebrews and two children, all the bodies so far recoved have been taken there as fast as taken from the water. Most of the bodies bore evidence of having met death from burning oil, many of them being burned almost beyond recognition and several of them in such a terrible manner as to leave the bodies without the least semblance of human form. The night is dark and it is raining, yet the streets are filled with people. No city water is in the mains, no natural gas, and no electric light. The loss to the county will be enormous.

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IN THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

A Territory Eighteen Miles in Length Swept by the Flames and Water.

OIL CITY, June 6.—Eighteen miles of death and desolation is the story in brief of the awful catastrophe which has decimated the borders of Oil creek from Titusville to this point. On both sides of the creek flood and fire have left ruin and wreck, and it will take days before the record of death and destruction can be completed.

This is the most awful disaster which has ever come to this vitinity and has no rival in the United States except the Johnstown flood. A raging torrent, a tank of oil undermind and toppled into the flood, a coal dropped from a locomotive passing over the bridge in the city, a series of explosions along the surface of the creek, and houses, men women, and children were instantly wrapped in flames.

These are the cause and effects of the disaster so far as this place is concerned.

The inmates of the houses had but to choose how to die, either drown or be burned to beath. There was no escape, and many chose the death and jumped into the water; but even there the fire found them, and everybody so far recovered shows that fire helped the work of destruction.

At 6 o'clock this morning the fire had burned itself out, and the flaming oil had passed away. The creek and river, however, are rising, and much of this place will be still furtner flooded. But there is little left along Oil creek which the flood can damage. The fire has left practically nothing on which the water may prey. The rising waters have interfered with recovering the bodies of the victims in Oil City proper.

The exact number of the dead may never be known. The station where the loss of life was greatest in Oil City was largely occupied by foreigners employed in the tube works and no one knows their names.

Up to Monday evening 67 bodies were recovered at Oil City and taken to the improvised morgue, and many others are missing. The loss of life at Titusville is placed at over fifty.

IMMIGRATION PROBLEM.

Congressman Stone is reported to be in distress because his immigration bill was not adopted by the joint committee of the two houses, says the Pittsburg *Port*. The committee had a dozen houses and senate bills before it and on this basis drew up what is called a "composite" measure, aiming to embody the salutary and practical ideas of all the bills. This measure puts the burden of guarding against undesirable immigration, which has long been defined by law, on the steamship companies that carry the immigrants. There are laws plenty shutting out the vicious, pauper or diseased immigrants, but the trouble has been to enforce them. The steamship companies have hither to evaded these laws, and by their European agents boomed all sorts of immigration in great quantities for the immense profits of the passage money. Under the "composite" bill, if the immigration inspectors of New York, Baltimore and a few other seaports where most of the emigrants land do their duty, steamship companies will have to sift the immigration and adopt regulations that will exclude from passage the forbidden class. In case of refusal or neglect the penalties are severe and can be enforced. The government deals with responsible parties who can be easily reacked.

Colonel Stone's bill, if we understand its provisions aright, would have compelled all intending immigrants to go before a United States consular officer, and submit to a rigid inspection or examination to ascertain whether they came up to his standard of desirable immigrants. Here was a chance for a regiment of officials and unlimited jobbery on the other side, and then the work would have to be gone over again at the American ports. The immigration is nearing 800,000 a year, and the idea of United States consuls inspecting this vast army is most absurd. It can be done by the steamship companies that organize and promote immigration, and if they fail they can be mulct in heavy money penalties. Colonel Stone's notion was much discussed long before he proposed it in congress, and very generally rejected as impracticable.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

ASSOCIATE JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce that Samuel Decker, of Walker township, is a candidate for Associate Judge, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

PROTHONOTARY.

We are authorized to announce that David R. Foreman, of Potter township, is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce that Charles R. Kurtz, of Centre Hall borough, is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

ASSEMBLY.

We are authorized to announce that James Schofield, of Bellefonte Borough, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

We are authorized to announce that William J. Singer, of Bellefonte Borough, is a candidate for District Attorney, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

——If you want a light spring and summer overcoat, the Philad. Branch, Bellefonte, can satisfy your wants in a most satisfactory manner to you, both in price and quality.

——Boom-de-ay. Subscribe for the REPORTER for the campaign.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, June 6, 1892.

Mr. Blaine is nothing if not dramatic, and that his resigation was the carefully worked up climax of the professional dramatist is not for a moment to be doubted. He has recently concluded that he wanted the nomination, and all his actions since reaching that conclusion have been carefully planned with that end in view, and his resignation, which speaks as if he said "I am again in the field," was announced just at the time when it would do the most effective work with wavering delegates arriving at Minneapolis.

The Washington idea is that the resignation of Mr. Blaine knocks the last leg from under Mr. Harrison's chance, although there are some who believe that Blaine may still be beaten in the convention, but it does not look that way to your correspondent.

Democrats are well pleased over the situation. Mr. Harrison will aid Mr. Blaine, if he is the nominee, to just about the extent that President Arthur did in 1884. Mr. Harrison would probably have lost his own State if he had been nominated, and his defeat by Mr. Blaine's peculiar methods will place that State in the certain democratic column, and he has enough to see that the man who snatched from him at the last minute that which he had been foolish enough to think was solely his personal property, is hurt in other States. In other words, Blaine secretly opposed by Harrison will be a much easier man to beat than Harrison supported by Blaine would be. The two men whom Mr. Harrison ought to blame the most are Secretary Foster and Attorney General Miller. They, by their ill-advised talk against Blaine, furnished the excuse for him to resign, which he was looking for; but he would of course have found some other excuse if they had guarded their tongues better.

Saintly Mr. Wanamaker has been explaining again—his public life has been very unfortunate in this respect. This time he rises to say to the committee on Postoffices of the House that the statement made under oath by Mr. Samuel G. Leake, of Philadelphia, to the effect that Mr. Wanamaker had, after making certain promises to him concerning the erection of an experimental pneumatic tube to be used by the Philadelphia City postoffice, become interested, he believed in 7,500 shares of stock which another pneumatic company had set aside for postoffice officials, and declined to fulfill his promises, was untrue. He also informs the committee that "I shall be pleased to answer any call that the committee desires to make upon me, personally or otherwise." Evil disposed persons might place a bad construction upon the wording of the sentence quoted, but such is not my purpose. I deal with facts; others may put their own construction upon those facts.

"Straws show which way the wind blows." U. S. Treasurer Nebeker is so certain that he will have no use for a residence in Washington after the 4th of next March that he has given up the house his family has occurpied since he entered office. When asked why he did not renew his lease, Mr. Nebeker laughingly replied. "Because we shall not need the house a year longer."

The Census Bureau investigation shows, so far, that a very demoralized state of affairs exists in that branch of the Government service. Testimony has been given showing that a woman paid $12.50 a month to another woman, a relative of Chief Clerk Childs, in order to retain her position, and it has shown that the chiefs of a number of the divisions regulated their treatment of the women under them largely by the liberties the women allowed them to take, and that it is common for these chiefs to make pets of young and pretty girls under them, allowing them to work or play as they may feel disposed. These things have been hinted at before, but now they have been told under oath by ladies of undoubted reputation. And these things, calling themselves men, are still allowed to draw salaries from the Government. It is not to be wondered at that the people of country demand a change.

Mr. Harrison's alleged order to Feberal officials to keep away from Minneapolis must have been intended for members of the Cabinet only, as nearly every one of the chiefs of the large Government bureaux are at the convention shouting for Harrison. It is believed that if such an order was really issued it was because Mr. Harrison was afraid that more than one of his cabinet might have gone there in the interest of some of his rivals.

The House is pushing its work, notwithstanding the absence of more than half of the republican members. The Postoffice appropriation bill has been passed and nothing but a point of order prevented its carrying an amendment repealing the mail subsidy act of the last Congress.

RESULT IN DOUBT.

LATEST FROM THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION AT MINNEAPOLIS.

Neither Blaine or Harrison Can Win on First Ballot. No Ballot Until Thursday.

The Republican National Convention met this week in Minneapolis to nominate a man for President, and up to this morning no ballot has as yet been taken and the result of the convention is much in doubt as to who the nominee will be.

Blaine and Harrison are both strong factors in the fight but both lack from twenty-five to fifty votes of securing the nomination, on first ballot.

There is much ill feeling between the Blaine and Harrison admirers, and with the Blaine men, Harrison is to be downed at the cost of the party.

Minneapolis is crowded with visitors and has over fifty thousand within her limits.

The convention was called to order on Tuesday morning and the delegates got down to business. Blaine's friends showed their strength by the selection of Fasset for temporary chairman of the convention, without a contest which was considered a defeat for the Harrison crowd. Committees on resolutions were appointed and contested seats decided with other minor business and the Convention adjourned until eleven o'clock Wednesday morning.

The day closed with the Republican nomination a hidden secret. The present convention is one of the most aggravating contests of the Republican party and the strife between Blaine and Harrison is bitter and all means will be used by either to defeat the other.

Wednesday morning at eleven the convention convened in session and different reports were heard and resolutions adopted. McKinley, of Ohio, was chosen permanent chairman and after a two hours session Chairman McKinley announced as the next business in order the presentation of candidates for the nomination for president, but was pulled up with a short turn by Senator Ingalls, who called for the reading of rule six, which prohibited proceeding to a nomination until after the adoption of the platform. The convention then adjourned until tomorrow at eleven a. m., and a rush was made for the open air.

The first ballot will likely be taken today and as to who the nominee will be no one on the face of the earth can tell, and the result is in as much doubt as ever. It is not probable the convention will nominate a man before Friday.

Important Decision.

Judge Sadler, of Carlisle, last week filed an opinion which is of interest to all soldiers holding peddling license. The opinion is in the matter of John Webbert versus the county of Cumberland. It seems that Webbert has a soldier license and on that has been purchasing butter, eggs, and poultry and selling them. The county treasurer then comes and demands a huckster's license of $12. This was paid by Webbert and he then brought suit against the county to recover. A case stated was made and Judge Sadler decided against the plaintifi and directed the judgment with costs be entered for the defendant, the county. This decision was made on the ground that act of Assembly in regard to the soldier's license only permitted the holder of "peddle, hawk and vend;" but did not give him "any right to purchase or barter for butter, eggs or poultry."

We have received from Richard A. Saalfield, 794, 796 and 798 Tenth Ave., New York, the second number of the New York Musical Monthly. It contains both classical and popular music, and has 32 pages of full sheet size, and printed upon the best paper and compares with high priced publications in every respect. The price is 15 cts. per copy, or $1.50 per year, postpaid. The second number contains My Son, My Son, My Only Son, a beautiful song; Poor Girl Didn't Know You Know, a bright song; Love's Dream After the Ball, waltz, by Czibulka; For You song by Sidney Smith; Minuet by Paderewski; Melodia, by Paderewski; Oxford Berlin polka, a lovely piece by Montenegro and Tystnad song by Jacobsohn.

Marriage Licenses Granted.

Following is a list of marriage licenses granted during the past week.

Dr. C. B. Church and Annie E. Wright, both of Milesburg.

Frank A. Richards and Minnie Copelin, both of Philipsburg.

J. Frank Smith, of Tusseyville, and M. Lizzie Hosterman, of Centre Hill.

——A guarantee goes with all goods purchased at Mingle's shoe store, Bellefonte, and when a purchase is made it can be depended upon as reliable.

THE GREATEST SHIPS.

A LOT OF CURIOUS INFORMATION ABOUT VESSELS.

Quickest Time Across the Atlantic—Largest Vessels of All Kinds—Fastest Ships, Etc.

The first, fastest finest, biggest ships in the world present a wonderful study. At no time has such general interest been directed to the subject of marine superlatives in this country as in the year 1891. The greatest ocean highway in existence is that across the Atlantic between Great Britian and the city of New York, and the records in which the world is most interested are made along that highway.

The fastest passage between New York and Queenstown, both eastward and westward, was made in the latter part of 1891 by the steamship Teutonic of the White Star line. The fastest passage from Queenstown to New York was made in August, being five days sixteen hours and thirty-one minutes. The fastest passage from New York to Queenstown was made in October, being five days twenty-one hours and three minutes.

The first steam vessel to cross the Atlantic ocean was the Savannah, which crossed from Savannah, Ga., to Liverpool in 1819. The first steam vessels to reach New York from Great Britain were the Sirius and the Great Western. The Sirius, a ship of 700 tons, sailed from Cork April 4, 1838, and the Great Western, 1,340 tons, left Bristol three days later. They arrived on April 23, the Sirius in the morning and the Great Western in the afternoon.

The greatest steam vessel ever built, in size, was the Great Eastern, which was 692 feet in length, and 83 feet in breadth. The Teutonic is 582 feet in length.

The largest turret ship in the world, perhaps the largest battle ship in existence, is the British battle ship Hood, which was launched at Chatham, on July 30, 1891. The Hood has a displacement of 14,150 tons. The largest American war ship is the harbor defence vessel Miantonomoh. The finest war ship in the French navy is the Brennus, which was launched early in October, 1891. Her displacement is 11,000 tons.

The longest sailing craft afloat is the British ship Lancing. She is a four-masted iron ship of 2,600 tons and 356 feet in length. In 1890 the keel was laid in a shipyard on the Clyde of what was to be the largest sailing craft in the world. Her tonnage was to be 9,600, her length 350 feet, and she was to have five masts. The three biggest four-mastered ships in the world are said to be the Palgrave, the Liverpool, and the Puritan. The Palgrave measures 3,081 tons, the Liverpool 3,330 tons.

The three biggest American sailing ships in existence last year were the Rappahannock, the Shenandoah, and the Susquehanna. The Rappahannock was burned on the South Pacific Nov. 11, 1891. The largest sailing vessel in the world, says the skipper of the Shenandoah, who rates his craft next, is the five-masted French steel ship La France.

The biggest steam ferryboat in the world is the Cincinnati, built by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to ply between New York and Jersey City.

The largest steam engine in the world is on the new Italian cruiser Sardegna. A force of 25,000 horse power is developed.

The fastest ship in the United States navy, it is supposed, is the San Francisco which on her trial on the Pacific coast, maintained during a four hours' run a speed of 19.7 knots an hour. That was one-tenth of a knot in excess of the record of the Philadelphia. The maximum speed developed by the San Francisco was 20.06 knots an hour, which is equivalent to twenty-three land miles.

One of the fastest voyages from China to New York was made in the summer of 1890 by the steamship Glen Ogle of the Glen line of Glasgow, which arrived from Amoy in forty-six days. The fastest time was by the Glenshiel of the same line, forty-three days.

The fastest passenger steamboat plying in the waters of the United States is the Mary Powell, running from New York city to Albany. Nobody knows just how fast she could go if put to her mettle.

The greatest fleet of passenger vessels owned by any one company is that of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company. In the fleet are seventy-two steamships of 199,270 tons and 189,000 horse power. The P. and O. steamships steamed 2,500,000 miles in 1890 without an accident.

The biggest fore-and-aft schooner in the latest Government list is the Golden Age, 1,763 tons, built at Abbots Bridge, O., in 1883. The Governor Ames, built at Waldaboro, Me., in 1889, registers 1,689 tons, and is the largest schooner in salt water.

The largest floating elevator in the world was launched on Jan. 14, 1892, in Brooklyn. Its tower rises 74 feet above its deck.

Norman L. Munro's steam launch Norwood, with her record of a mile in 2.12, made on Nov. 7, 1891, may be considered "the fastest boat afloat."

The first steamboat to plough the Pacific along the coast of North America was the Hudson Bay Company's steamboat Beaver, which is to be exhibited at Chicago.

The first screw propeller on the great lakes was the Vandalia. Her machinery was built in Auburn prison, New York.

The first steamship to make a direct trip from New York to Australia sailed in October, 1891. Her name was Karlsruhe.

The first whaleback steamship built was the Charles W. Wetmore, which made the voyage to Liverpool and back in the summer of 1891. The first whaleback of any importance was the yacht Livadia, designed by Admiral Popoff for the Emperor Alexander I. of Russia. She is 240 feet in length.

The biggest sugar fleet ever assembled at Delaware Breakwater consisted of twenty-five vessels, carrying 12,000 tons of sugar from the West Indies.—[New York Sun.

MRS. HAWLEY CHAPMAN, the wife of the insane actor, Chapman, survived a bullet wound which almost punctured her heart. While hovering between life and death she was stricken with pneumonia. Yet she survived.

DETECTING BAD MONEY.

Remarkable Expertness of Young Ladies in the Treasury.

Miss Calhoun, one of the most expert money handlers in the Treasury Department at Washington, has the remarkable record of counting 85,000 coins in a single day, each coin passing through her hands, and so delicate has her sense of touch become that should there be a counterfiet coin in the lot she would detect it even when counting at this tremendous rate. She spreads the coins upon a large glass-top desk and draws them off with the tips of her fingers, one, two, three, or four at a time, as she pleases, for her four fingers are equally educated to the work. Her eyes have nothing to do with the detection of false coins. Her fingers do it all. They have become so familiar with the exact weight of true coin, the feeling of it and the amount of its resistence upon the glass desk, that a piece of spurious gold, silver, nickel or copper money attracts her attention instantly.

The expert counters of paper money detect counterfeits more by the eye than by feeling, though if the quality of paper be poor they can tell it by the sense of touch. Mr. Burnett, the chief of the redemption division, tells of a young lady who was one day counting money sent in for redemption, when she threw out a bill and went on with her count. When she had completed the count she took up the rejected bill and examined it closely, but could find nothing wrong about it. Her first impression, however, had been that it was a bad bill, and she stood by the impression and gave the bill to the foreman of her room. He asked her what was the matter with it and she said she did not know, only she was sure it was bad. The foreman put it under a glass and pronounced it good, but the young lady was so positive in her rejection of it that he took it to the chief. That gentleman examined it carefully and pronounced it good.

The chief then took it to the young lady and asked her why she had thrown it out. She said she could not tell, but she knew it was counterfeit. Then it was sent to the two most expert men in the Treasury Department, and one of them pronounced it good, while the other, when he came to it in a pile of good bills, with which it had been given to him, threw it out, saying it was bad.

To settle the matter, the bill was taken over to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and the man who had made the plate applied his infallible test to it and found that, while the bill was almost perfectly executed in every other respect, one little line of shading was about a sixteenth of an inch farther to the left than it should be.

The young lady's eye had become so accustomed to seeing that shading in exactly the right place that, without being able to explain how, she had discovered its spurious character; and without being able to give any reason for it, she had stuck to her first impression. This might be a good case for those persons to speculate on who enjoy the analysis of mental phenomena and the separating of intuition from education of the senses.

The Wonderful Growth of Shipping on the Lakes.

The history of marine architecture does not furnish another instance of so rapid and complete a revolution in the material and structure of floating equipment as has taken place on the great lakes since 1886. In that year the total valuation of the vessels by Lloyds was about $30,000,000. In 1889, sixty new steamers and eleven sailing vessels, aggregating 70,000 tons, were added to the fleet. During the four winters of 1886-1890, the tonnage of the lakes was nearly doubled; 206 vessels, measuring 399,975 tons, were turned out of the ship yards with a valuation of $27,389,000. During the same time the number of steamers of more than 1,500 net register tons increased from 21 to 110. The two valuations of the fleet already presented differ by more than $9,000,000; but either one emphasizes the fact of the very recent and extraordinary growth of this commerce, and renders it difficult to predict the increase in the tonnage and in the size of vessels upon the lakes during the nine years that remain till the opening of the next century.

More than one-half the vessels on the great lakes are assigned to Chicago, Port Huron, Detroit, Milwaukee, Grand Haven, Cleveland and Buffalo.

The number of Canadian vessels on the lakes is 647; tonnage, 132,971; valuation, $3,989,130. For further comparison, it may be stated that the total of coast and inland shipping registered in Canada is 7,153 vessels, of 1,040,481 register tons, valued at $31,213,430.

The increase in population of the lake ports indicates the great increase that must follow, necessarily, in the business of the lakes, and also of the railways tributary to them. Buffalo has increased from about 42,000 in 1850 to 255,000 in 1890; Cleveland from 17,000 in 1860 to 262,000 in 1890; Chicago from 30,000 in 1850 to 1,100,000 in 1890; while Detroit and Milwaukee exhibit a remarkable parallelism in growth, the former having increased from 116,340 to 205,876 in the last ten years, and the latter from 115,587 to 204,468.—Scribner.

Announcing a Royal Death.

A quaint ceremony is about to be performed in the German court, the announcement of the death of the late Grand Duke of Hesse. Prince William of Hesse will go to Berlin to hear the news. The Emperor and his court, all in deep mourning, receive the envoy in a room hung with black. The envoy enters with a lugubrious air, and dejectedly announces the demise of his sovereign, while the Emperor deplores the loss and makes a suitable eulogy of the departed one. Then an hour later the Emperor and court, all in gala dress, receive the envoy again, there is much jubilation and joy, and the old adage about "the king is dead; long live the king," gets a new confirmation.—[Picayune.

THE PAMPAS.

LIFE IN SOUTH AMERICA'S GRASSY DESERT.

Snake-Hunting Armadillos and Wrestling Frogs—The Fierce Puma and its Fear of Man.

One of the most interesting regions of the world is the grassy desert of the Argentine, known as the "pampas," which extends half way across South America from the Atlantic Ocean—a vast plain without trees, lakes or rivers, bearing a strange and wonderful fauna. Lacking these features of variety the region has no aspects of grandeur and the dead level affords no appearance of extended space. At sea, a person's eye being six feet above the surface of the water, his horizon is only two miles and four-fifths distant. On land, in a perfectly flat country, the limits of observation are equally contracted. People born and bred on the "pampas" when they first visit a mountainous district experience painful sensations from viewing the widely extended earth around them.

One of the most plentiful species of mammals is the strange armadillo, one of the most ancient of surviving creatures, which was contemporary with the gigantic glyptodon and colossal megatherium. It figures conspicuously in the fables current among the natives, being represented as a creature fertile in expedients and duping other animals, especially the fox, just as "Br'er Rabbit" does. Snakes, venomous or otherwise, are its favorite prey, and it kills them by actually sawing them in two with the serrated edges of its sharp, bony shell. The bites of the serpent make no impression upon its enemy, probably proof against the venom, like the mongoose. Snakes of the pampas have many foes. Herons and storks swallow them whole. The sulpur "tyrant bird" picks up the young serpent by the tail and uses it like a flail against a branch or stone until its life is battered out. Another destroyer is the great iguana lizard, which kills snakes by striking them with its powerful tail, itself rendered invulnerable by its coat of armor. The iguana has been known to assail with great ferocity a lasso trailed from a saddle along the ground, mistaking it for a giant ophidian.

Frogs in other parts of the world are among the most inoffensive of animals depending upon their jumping powers for escaping, but there is a species found on the pampas which possesses an extraordinary means of defense. Dr. W. H. Hudson tells of an adventure he had while out snipe shooting one day, when, peering into the disused burrow of some rodent animal, he saw a burly looking frog sitting within it. "Though it watched me attentively," he says, "the frog remained perfectly motionless, and this greatly surprised me. Before I was sufficiently near to make a grab it sprang straight at my hand, and, catching two of my fingers round with its fore legs, administered a hug so sudden and violent as to cause an acute sensation of pain. Then immediately it released its hold and leaped away. I flew after it and barely managed to overtake it before it could gain the water. Grasping it behind the shoulders so that it could not attack me I noticed the enormous development of the muscles of the forelegs, usually small in frogs, bulging out in this individual like a second pair of thighs and giving it a strangely bold and formidable appearance. On holding my gun within its reach it grasped the barrel with such energy as to bruise the skin of its breast and leg. That this singular frog is able to seriously injure an opponent cannot be supposed, but its unexpected attack must be of great advantage. How great must be the astonishment it causes an adversary by its leap quick as lightning, and the violent hug it administers. I think that 'wrestling frog' would be an appropriate name for the species."

Greatest among the carnivores of the pampas are the jaguar and puma. There is also the "grass cat," not unlike the domesticated animal, but larger, more powerful, and frightfully savage. The puma, although the most blood-thirsty of flesh-eating creatures and extremely courageous, has one very extraordinary characteristic—it will never attack man and cannot be induced even to defend itself against him. In places where it is the only large beast of prey, even a small child may go out in safety and sleep on the plain. Yet this same creature commonly attacks and kills the formidable jaguar, harrassing the latter by moving about it with such rapidity as to confuse it, and, when an opportunity occurs, springing upon its back and inflicting terrible wounds with teeth and claws. It kills cattle and horses in great numbers, breaking the neck of each animal attached with a single blow. Pumas have been occasionally kept as pets, never showing the slightest ill-temper. They are the most playful of animals, and are always delighted to gambol with a spool tied to a string.

One of the most interesting mammals of the region described is the "vizcacha," which is a rodent very common on the pampas. It is nearly two feet long, exclusive of the tail, when full grown and weighs about fourteen pounds. This species lives in a small community of twenty or thirty members, in a village of deep chambered burrows, all with their pit-like entrances closely grouped together. The animals make a smooth clearing all around their village on which a turf is formed, and here they feed and enjoy their amusements in comparative security. Any enemy that approaches is seen and at the first note of alarm the whole company scuttles into the burrows. They fetch sticks and all sorts of refuse from every hand and pile it up about the village, forming in the course of years a mound thirty or forty feet in diameter, which protects the habitation from floods. Each burrow of the vizcacha ordinarily opens into a large circular chamber at from four to six feet from the entrance and from this chamber other chambers diverge in all directions. The new "vizcachera" or village is invariably begun by a male which, after establishing himself as a solitary with a single burrow is subsequently joined by other individuals, and these are the parents of innumerable generations, for they establish no temporary lodging places, but their posterity continues in the quiet possession of the habitations bequeathed to it for centuries.

Another remarkable rodent of the pampas is the "coypu"—a rat in shape and as big as an otter. It is aquatic, and lives in holes in the ground. In the evening these animals are all out swimming and playing in the water, conversing together in strange tones, which sound like the moans and cries of wounded and suffering men. Among them the mother coypu is seen with her progeny, numbering eight or nine, with as many of them on her back as she can accommodate, while the others swim after her, crying for a ride. The coypu was much more abundant fifty years ago than now, and its skin, which has a fine fur, was exported to Europe. About that time the dictator, Rosas, issued a decree which made the killing of a coypu a criminal offense. The result was that the creatures increased and multiplied exceedingly, and, abandoning their aquatic habits, they became terrestrial and migratory, swarming everywhere in search of food. Suddenly a mysterious malady fell upon them, from which they perished in enormous numbers, becoming almost extinct.

Among the extraordinary phenomena observed on the pampas are storms of dragon flies. They come before the southwest wind, which blows from the interior. It is a cold wind, exceedingly violent, bursting on the plains very suddenly and lasting only a short time. Moving ahead of such a gale the dragon flies, apparently in dread before it and moving in clouds at the rate of seventy or eighty miles an hour, fairly darken the air with their swarm. They come without warning, the air to a height of ten or twelve feet above the ground being all at once seen to be full of them, rushing past with astonishing volicity in a northeasterly direction. Men and horses in their path are quickly covered with clinging masses of them. They are about twice the size of the dragon flies that are known elsewhere, being three or four inches in length.—[Washington Star.

Interesting Items From Everywhere.

A gold brick recently shipped from Yuma, Arizona, to San Francisco is said to be worth $90,000. A residence constructed of bricks like this would cost several dollars more than most people can afford to pay.

In a hail-storm in West Virginia recently the hailstones were like great chunks of ice, and smashed windows and made large holes in the tin roofs of houses that got in their way. If these storms would be more accommodating and come along in summertime the ice bills of the fathers of some of us would be very largely reduced.

Clocks are regarded as curiosities by the Hindoos, and for this reason half a dozen or more timepieces are often found in the apartments of the wealthy Hindustanees. They are not used as timepieces, but simply for ornament, since the old-fashioned way of telling the hour of the day in India, by calculating the number of bamboo lengths the sun has travelled above the horizon, is entirely satisfactory to the natives. It is said that in the country police stations in India, where the European division of the hours is observed, time is measured by placing in a tub of water a copper pot in which a small hole has been bored. It is supposed that it will take one hour for the water to leak into the pot so as to fill it and sink it. When the policeman sees that the pot has disappeared he strikes the hour on a bell-like gong. If he is smoking or dozing, the copper pot may have disappeared several minutes before he discovers the fact; but the hour is when he strikes the gong.—[Harper's Young People.

Eating Calla Lilies.

A new vegetable is about to be introduced through the Department of Agriculture. It is the root of the calla lily, which resembles somewhat in appearance the ordinary Irish tuber, with the addition of a few whiskers, that have nothing to do with the quality of the article as an esculent.

It is more elongated, and when cut the interior is a trifle more viscid; but a section of it is so potato-like you would not be likely to distinguish any difference. In cooking it has first to be boiled to destroy certain acrid properties, after which it may be fried, roasted, baked or what not, according to taste. Farmers in Florida have begun to raise these calla roots for market, says food.

The plants grow readily in swamps, and so thickly that the yield of a single flooded acre is enormous. They reproduce themselves by the multiplication of their bulbs underground, so that the grower has simply to dig up the offshoots and leave the parents to propagate anew.

For centuries the Egyptians have cultivated a similar crop during the seasons of the Nile overflow, and the present time the calla lily bulbs are a common vegetable in the Japanese markets. So prolific and palatable are they that their propagation in many parts of the United States, where conditions are favorable, may reasonably be looked forward to as an agricultural industry of the future.—[New York Journal.

Origin of Wall Coverings.

Tapestry came originally from Byzantium, where its weaving was brought to a high state of perfection. Its expense, like that of all wall carving and stucco, was very great. Stamped leather, which, in a measure, superseded it, was also costly and possible only to the very wealthy. This stamped leather consisted of the skins of goats and calves cut into rectangular shapes and covered with silver-leaf, then varnished with a yellow lacquer, to give the appearance of gold. It was then stamped with dyes sunken and in relief, and painted in various colors. Wall paper had, in the meantime, been extensively practiced by the monks of Europe. From the seventh century it had been the custom to decorate the walls of churches and cathedrals with Biblical scenes and diaper designs.—[Carpet and Upholstery Trade.

WAS IT SECOND SIGHT?

A Strange Reminiscence of the Custer Massacre.

Among the many curious instances of seeming second-sight may be placed the following incident of that saddest tragedy of modern days—the death of Custer and his gallant followers.

The love existing between Captain Blank and his blue-eyed boy, little "Buster," the pet and darling of the whole garrison, was something to be remembered. Whenever the tall soldierly figure of the young father was to be seen, unless on duty, that of the child was sure to be close beside, sometimes riding on his father's shoulder, sometimes clinging to his hand, always lifting to his, eyes full of passionate love and content.

When the dreaded day came that was to separate those fearless men from the women and children who so loved them, Buster could hardly be torn from his father, and my husband told me that long after, the child's shriek of utter misery, unchildlike in its intensity, rang in his ears. For some days after the command had marched across the low purple hills, out of the reach of loving eyes, Buster drooped and pined; but he was a child, and the old childish gayety came back to his eyes, and his laugh, which rang out as happily as ever, almost jarring upon his young mother's ear.

One warm June day at Fort Lincoln Mrs. Blank sat sewing in her tiny parlor, her baby creeping about the floor at her feet, while she chatted with two or three more lonely wives, perhaps of the beloved ones far off across the plains and their possible return. Suddenly Buster rushed in through the open door, eyes sparkling, hair flying.

"Mamma," he shouted, "my papa's shooting his 'volver! I heard him!"

"Did you, darling?" his young mother said, stooping to kiss the little flushed, eager face. "How very nice! I wish he could come home and shoot it. Don't you?"

"He's shooting Injuns," the child went on; "and he'll shoot 'em all, and zen he'll come home."

"I'm sure I hope he will," sighed Mrs Blank. "Run out and play, Buster, and don't go in the sun."

"How Buster does talk about his father!" some one remarked. "I often meet him running along with some one, and, child or man, soldier or officer, you can always catch the words 'my papa if you listen to him."

Then the talk wandered on, always in a minor key, for there had been quite an interval of time since the last letters, and there was always unacknowledged anxiety, though all felt unbounded faith in the powers of the gallant Seventh.

Presently the sound of a child's bitter crying brought them all to their feet, and Buster ran into his mother's arms at the door, sobbing wildly:

"Mamma," he sobbed, "the Injuns has dot my papa. He's dot no more shoots in his 'volver; he's shooted it all. Oh, I want my papa, and the bad Injuns has dot him!"

Mrs. Blank knelt down on the floor beside her boy, drawing him close to her heart. "Hush, Buster," she said, very gently, but firmly, "you must not be such a silly little boy; the Injuns can't get your papa. General Custer is there; he will take care of papa, and all the men. Do you think F. Troop would let the Injuns get papa? See, you are making us all feel very bad, and papa would say that you were not his brave little lad. Now stop crying and go and play; you could not hear papa's 'volver so far away."

"Yes," the child exclaimed, earnestly "I *tan* hear my papa's 'volver, and I know he's shooted it all!" But army discipline prevailed, and the boy choked back his sobs, nestling in his mother's arms and resting there, strangely quiet, for the rest of the long summer day.

That evening, when the children were both sleeping, and the daily bulletin to her absent husband had been written Mrs. Blank sat for some moments in silent thought, then drawing a sheet of paper to her, wrote down the date, June 26th, and poured out to her only brother the aching of her heart and the senseless anxiety caused by the child's foolish words, the memory of which still stirred him in his sleep, for he sobbed and tossed all night.

On the 6th of July, when the whole army writhed and cried out in agony at the news that had come to us, we, to whom Mr. B. had shown his sister's letter, knew that on the 26th of June Captain Blank had dearly sold his life, and had been found pierced with many wounds, his empty revolver clasped in his stiffened hand. And far away, in his quiet home, his baby boy had seemed to know it.—[Harper's Weekly.

The Puma's Fear of Man.

Dr. Hudson speaks of a "gaucho" (South American cowboy) of his acquaintance who went one day to look for cattle. A puma made his appearance and refused to walk away, even when the herder threw the noose of his lasso over its neck. The gaucho then dismounted, and, drawing his knife, advanced to kill it. Still the puma made no attempt to free itself from the lasso but it seemed to know what was coming, for it began to tremble, the tears ran from its eyes and it whined in the most pitiful manner. He killed it as it sat there, unresisting, but after accomplishing the deed, felt that he had committed a murder. It was the only thing he had ever done in his life, he said, which occasioned him remorse when he remembered it, although he had slain several men in duels fought with knives. All who have killed or witnessed the killing of a puma agree that it resigns itself in this pathetic manner to death at the hands of man. When attacked by the latter its energy and daring at once forsake it, and it becomes a weak, inoffensive animal, which, trembling and uttering piteous moans, implores compassion from a generous enemy. But the enemy is not often generous.—[Washington Star.

Heavy white silk belts for large silver buckles are new, especially designed for wash dresses. They are more chic than belts of the same which must needs be lined.

PENNSYLVANIA ITEMS.

EPITOME OF NEWS GLEANED FROM VARIOUS PARTS OF THE STATE.

"GENERAL SEIGLE" Miller, accused of the murder of old man Hochsetter, the moonshiner, testified in his own behalf at Somerset. He claimed that the killing was done in self-defense. Numerous witnesses declared that Hochstetter had frequently threatened Miller's life.

A MEETING of the State Board of Charities was held in Harrisburg, and a report was submitted to the Governor completely exonerating the officials of the Danville Insane Asylum from the charges preferred by W. A. Peart, of Kittaning. Neither the accuser nor his witnesses appeared. The report on the Huntingdon Reformatory investigation will be submitted to the Governor this week.

A TERRIFIC rain storm passed over Bedford County. Crops were damaged.

A MEETING of the State Tax Conference was held in Harrisburg.

WHILE delirious, George Gilmore, a gold cure patient in the Williamsport Sanitarium, jumped from a second-story window and received fatal injuries.

THE United Presbyterian Assembly adjourned in Pittsburg to meet in Monmouth, Ill., May 4, 1893. The passage of the Chinese exclusion bill was condemned.

THE Prohibitionists of Pennsylvania met in convention at Scranton and elected delegates to the National Convention at St. Louis.

DEPUTY Attorney General Stranahan has asked the court in Harrisburg for an order restraining the order of Fraternal Guardians, at Philadelphia, from making the first disbursement of over $100,000 collected by the order.

THE sheet iron, sheet steel and tin plate manufacturers met at Pittsburg and elected officers, including John Jarrett as secretary, and adopted a scale of wages which will be submitted to the Amalgamated Association.

WHILE teasing a pug dog Harry Rafferty, a Bridgeport lad, was severely bitten on the nose by the animal.

CAPTAIN I. H. BAKER, an old soldier and former resident of Philadelphia, was killed by a train in Erie.

A NUMBER of Philadelphia business men were entertained by the West Chester Board of Trade in that city.

ISAAC SPEER died in New Castle from a peculiar disease. He was out during a cold storm and afterward was taken ill. His limbs finally became ossified.

WHILE Elias Yoder, of Sulphur Springs, Somerset County, visited a sick friend, his house was entered by thieves, who secured $1400.

SECRETARY HARRITY addressed a letter to the chairman of the several State Committees suggesting that all who have anything to do with the forwarding of certificates of nomination to the State Department should use the official form adopted by the department in the interest of uniformity.

THE Friendship Fire Company, of Harrisburg, dedicated its new engine house with appropriate ceremonies.

CARL GEMS, a German night watchman residing near Pittsburg, has been left a fortune of $53,000 by his mother, who lived in Wurtemberg, Germany.

A HUNGARIAN wedding in Braddock ended in a free fight. Several persons were injured, and five were arrested.

A. G. SAYLOR, R. M. Root and William Edelman, of Pottstown, have brought suit against S. B. Latshaw, of Royersford. They charge him with obtaining shares of mining stock through deception.

THE war between the Pennsylvania and Reading Railroads at Marcus Hook has broken out again. The Pennsylvania people attempted to lay a track when they were resisted and finally driven away by the Reading people. During the melee several persons were hurt.

THE public schools of Erie have been closed on account of an epidemic of diphtheria.

AT the General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church the committee to consider "prevalent" evils submitted a report in which reference was made to railroad trains running on Sunday, secret societies, murder, divorce, social evil, church lotteries and gambling. Missions and seminaries were also discussed.

WHILE making cake, a cook in the family of Joseph Nesbitt, of Ligonier, used arsenic by mistake for baking powder. Several members of the family and some boarders became violently ill after eating the cake.

ADJUTANT GENERAL GREENLAND issued an order disbanding Company I, Eighteenth Regiment, of Pittsburg, and requests the commanding officer to turn over all State property.

SUPERINTENDENT HYATT, of the Danville Insane Hospital was informed by Governor Pattison and Attorney General Hensel that the $70,000 appropriated by the 1889 Legislature for building and furnishing an annex to the hospital is not available, as no work was begun on the structure in 1889.

PITTSBURG, Pottstown, Bethlehem, Allentown and other points in the State were visited by a severe hail and lightning storm.

FOURTEEN Republican conventions were held in Allegheny county. Congressmen Dalzell and Stone were renominated, as were Judge Stowe and Coroner McDowell. The various legislative and senatorial districts selected their candidates, Mr. Dalzell for Senator, secured thirteen of the assembly candidates.

BY an explosion of gas in the Mocanaqua mine, near Wilkesbarre, two miners were killed and a number of others hurt, three of them fatally.

PREPARATIONS for the dedication of the "High Water Mark" tablet at Gettysburg have been completed. The official program has been announced.

SENATOR Rutan visited Harrisburg for the purpose of holding a conference with the Attorney General. He proposes to institute legal proceedings against Senator Quay, ex-State Treasurer Boyer and Treasurer Morrison, for alleged violations of law and illegal use of State funds.

IN a street quarrel at Centralia, Patrick Gallagher stabbed and probably fatally wounded Richard Kane.

THE monument to the unknown victims of the great Johnstown flood was unveiled. Addresses were made by Governor Pattison, ex-Governor Beaver and Flood Commissioner Ogden. The monument is of granite, and is surrounded by three figures representing Faith, Hope and Charity.

THE MARCHING OF THE GRASS.

BY MARY E. BLAKE.

O the marching of the Grass!
O the joy that comes to pass
When the mighty silent army with green banners overblown
Drags the Winter from his throne!
Conquers all his shining valleys, climbs the rampart of the hill,
Steals by homely wayside hedges, fords the river broad and still,
Undermines the fortress forest, overtops the castle wall,
Swift invading wins the cities, and the hamlet brown and small,
Till the whole wide world is captured,
And the soul of man enraptured,
Thrills with passion of delight
Sunny morn and dewy night;
And the joyous rythmic pulsing marketh time in lad and lass
To the marching
Marching
Marching
Of the Grass.

O the marching of the Grass!
Fairer things may come to pass
In the golden days of summer: roses drunk with wine of June:
Flitting wild birds all atune
With the odorous breathed dawning: wondrous tapestry of flowers;
Balm of incense; rest of shadow; tangled veil of jeweled showers;
Hymning choirs of happy music backward from earth to sky.
The full beauty of completeness in rich chorus lifted high!
But what means its regal splendor
To the love beat shy and tender
With which Hope, the Blest, doth chime;
In man's pulses marking time
To the haunting spell of gladness that doth come—and go, alas!
With the marching,
Marching,
Marching
Of the Grass.

—[Independent.

CRONIN'S DAUGHTER.

It was a still, clear, cold night in the heart of the Maine woods. Mary Cronin drew her frayed shawl closely over her head and shoulders as she closed the door softly and stepped out into the night. She was very tired, for the day's work had been hard, and her invalid mother had needed more care than usual.

The dishes had been washed and the table reset for breakfast, the pail had been filled at the ice-encircled spring on the mountain road, her mother's gruel had been made, her bed smoothed up, and Mary had sung one tune after another, as she held her mother's wasted hand, till sleep came to the sufferer.

The girl stood motionless on the door-stone and looked eagerly at all the works. Through the windows and doors of the casting-room, which were open this December night, a fiery gleam shone from the red-hot iron running through the molds. Now and then came a sharp explosion, with a superb play of fire-works around the mouth of the furnace.

The violet, orange, green and crimson stars did not attract Mary's attention. It was an old story to her, and her heart was too heavy for her eyes to see any beauty in it. She looked above the casting-room up the high brick chimney to the "top-house," which was perched on an immense staging just at the mouth of the chimney.

Her father was there—for it was his night on—and he had been drinking when he came home to supper. Fortunately her mother was asleep, and had been spared cruel anxiety. Mary's heart stood still as her father took his lunch can, without his usual kiss or the "Good-night, Molly! take good care of your mother," which made her happy every night. He had stumbled over the rag mat, and uttered a curse under his breath. He never did this unless he had been drinking heavily.

Poor John Cronin! His appetite for liquor and his weak will had caused him to drift from one workshop to another, from city to city, and from state to state, carrying with him his wife and only child. The factory quarters of St. Louis, Pittsburg, Newark, and other manufacturing centers are wofully alike, and had it not been for her mother's stories, Mary—the little girl—would have believed the whole world paved and cut into narrow, dirty streets, with a streak of sooty sky above, crossed with clothes-lines.

Her mother came from the Catskill Mountains region, and her nature revolted at the wretched places they had called home. The sunny old brick farm-house, built in the Dutch way, the fertile fields and crowded barn-yard, grandmother's flower garden across the road, the mountains framing the little vale, the peace, the cleanliness, the stability—Mary knew them all through her mother's words and sighs and tears.

A great resolve had crept into the child's heart to try and reproduce that peaceful life. "To be respectable and stay in one place" was what she lived for. If only her father would not drink!

There came a day to the child when she began to see her way clear. A letter arrived from a man with whom her father had worked before his marriage, in a Penobscot logging-camp. He wrote of an opening for a family at the Katahdin Iron Works, in Maine—fair wages and a comfortable home were ready.

When John Cronin read the letter all his old love for the woods came back to him. He could feel the cold steel of the gun-barrel and the supple rod bend in his hand. Before long the money was got together which carried the family from Boston to Bangor, and from there to the works, sixty miles north.

Six months had gone, every day brought new beauties to Katahdin. Now and then the child left the works, with its black, unsightly buildings, long row of charcoal houses, heaps of purple-tinted slag, the refuse of the iron and acres of dead trees from the sulphur fumes, and explored Pleasant river, leaping from one flat stone to another, and gathering in the cardinal flowers along the bank. She wandered beside Silver Lake, which reflected old Chairback and Saddleback Mountain upon its polished surface. Her mother would not let her venture far. Two fierce bear cubs in their cages at the hotel told what the woods contained.

Under Mrs. Cronin's touch the plain wooden cottage grew into a home. There were a few pretty pictures and ornaments she had brought with her—the remainder of better days, and Mary helped arrange them in the bare living room. The curtains of the windows were coarse but white, and the new stove shone resplendent with its silver plated ornamentation and lettering.

"The Star of the East, Bangor, Maine," Mary read on the oven door many times a day.

"Mother," she said, holding her stove-rag in her hand as she knelt before the range, "I always give the name an extra polish, for it seems to mean so much to us. This is our first real home. Nobody under us and nobody over us, and such heaps of room all round!"

Mary's intense delight in all she saw, and the deep gratitude she expressed for all that was done for her, made every one anxious to give her pleasure. She was thoughtful and unselfish and the whole settlement learned to love "Cronin's Daughter."

Was a child unruly? The mother would call Mary in to help her, and soon the unhappy little one was listening with open eyes and dirty mouth expanding into a smile, to her account of some St. Patrick's day parade, or a Fourth of July exhibition of fire-works on Boston Common. To Mary versed in city lore and sights, the country was one thing to be desired; but the Katahdin children, tired of monotony and loneliness of a life in the woods, could never hear enough of the crowds and noise.

So "Cronin's Daughter" became the story-teller of the settlement. Often the workmen stopped and joined the circle of children and crowded around her in the summer twilight and listened to her story.

"Seems a different place, somehow, since 'Cronin's Daughter' came," said many of the people. "The children don't fight half so much as they did, nor torment the critters. They're nice folks, them Cronins."

Before her mother was taken ill, Mary's hands and feet and head had been at the service of the whole settlement. Every one loved, petted and tyrannized over her.

In spite of her mother's sharp but short illness, from which she was now recovering, the summer and autumn had passed happily with Mary. Her father had kept sober, and no one suspected his past shame. John Cronin was a good workman and soon rose from being a driver of the four-horse wagons which carried the ore down from the mountain to the works, to being a "top-man."

The duties of the top-man were of a very responsible nature. Eight times an hour the elevator, built beside the chimney, came creaking and groaning up to the top house with its load of ore and limestone. The top-man fastened the elevator with a bolt, and the car to the rear mouth of the chimney. Over this the car rested while the top-man pulled a chain which opened the bottom and precipitated the mass of ore and rock down the chimney and into the furnace below. The car was returned to the elevator, the bolt pushed back, a bell rung, the man below started the machinery and the elevator began its downward journey.

All this required methodical care and wakefulness. The children of the settlement had told Mary of an awful night, two winters before, when, owing to the neglect of the night top-man, an explosion had occurred which wrecked and burned the works and brought all the men in the top-house to a fearful death.

No wonder Mary's heart stood still with fright when her father reeled through the door, nor that she resolved to follow him to the top-house to make sure that he had not fallen asleep. She had watched the furnace and knew by the shower of sparks that were sent up that the ore was being dumped regularly; but at any moment sleep might overtake him—sleep that means dismissal and disgrace, and possibly death to himself and others.

The road was white and lonely. The frozen river had no word of encouragement as she crossed the old red bridge, and the stars were far away and cold. She avoided the front works for fear of being seen by some of the night-force in the casting-room. Around the charcoal-house and through the thick smoke, up the hill, over the bridge and up the ladder the child went, with chilled hands and feet, but with a heart warm with love and desperation.

Surely that is the elevator rattling up beside her. Now she stops for breath on the landing, waiting for welcome noise from above that will drive her fears away. How her father will laugh and kiss her, and, with a cheery word, send her home for the night. The intensely cold air may have brought him to himself, she thinks.

There was an ominous silence above and the child hurried up the ladder. John Cronin lay asleep on the floor.

Mary had no time for thought. She drew the bolt and secured the elevator. Then she seized the handles of the car and wheeled it toward the fiery pit. The heat grew more and more intense. Could she guide the car and dump it? Before she knew it, it was done. The car was replaced, the bolt pushed back and the bell rung. The elevator had gone down and the floor had been replaced.

Then Mary crouched beside the sleeping man and moaned and cried: "O father! father! Wake up! I can't stay here all night! If I call for help you will be dismissed. I'm afraid to stay here alone."

The man slept on. It was impossible to rouse him. Mary had feared one weakness, but suddenly she became conscious of her inner strength. She knew that she would stay here until morning and hoped that by that time her father could be roused and that they might go home without suspicion.

The elevator was coming again, and again she must nerve herself to roll the heavy car at that awful brink. Well she had done it once and she could do it again.

Again and again she had bent herself to the heavy task. The hours went by, Mary counted them by the loads—eight to an hour. At first they went quickly, for she dreaded the return of the car; but as the night wore on, the child became conscious of an overpowering desire to sleep.

The dreadful sense of responsibility, the loneliness and unnaturalness left her. She even began to forget her desire to save her father. All emotion was swallowed up by the sea of sleep, which surged around her, making her sick and giddy.

At last she became conscious that she must do something. She struggled to the next dumping, and then opened the door of the warm-house, which was inclosed on three sides, the fourth side opening on the chimney. She closed it behind her, in order that her father might not feel the cruel cold, and sat on the icy platform and looked down, down on the shapeless works beneath her.

The intense coldness revived her and seemed to freeze the sleep out. The December moon shone steadily, and the wind, now rising, blew the charcoal smoke away from her. From this great height the settlement seemed crowded at her feet. Each house stood out from its pure white surroundings, and Mary thought of the friend in each. What would it be to leave them all and go back to the old wandering, disreputable life?

Her eyes traversed over the road till they rested on her own home—her first home! Then something blurred them, and the old frayed shawl answered other purpose. Her patient mother was there—her mother who would have died in the city, the Brownsville doctor said, had this illness overtaken her there; her mother, who would need the fresh, bracing, balsam air of the mountains for many a long day, and all the comforts that her father's good wages could buy.

For her mother's sake and for her father's sake she must go on. "O God, keep me awake!" was the fervent prayer that went up in the frosty air.

A shout from below, a rattle of chains, and again came the elevator, creeping up the chimney like some gigantic beetle. Mary went to work with new enthusiasm. Between trips, she sat outside and suffered with the cold. But such suffering was positive joy, after the deadly numbness she had fought within.

The worst hours—from one to three—were past. The moon set and the stars began to pale. A faint pink light spread through the east. Lights appeared here and there in the houses below. The men of the "day force" were being roused and the women were preparing the morning meal.

One more load was dumped. It must be half-past five, Mary thought, but she was not sure. She might have lost count once or twice. Yes, she had, for there was the bell clanging below her.

It lacked five minutes of being six, and Jim Brennan the other day top man, would come in five minutes.

"Father, get up!" Mary called, in a clear whisper, as she shook his shoulder. "Father, do you hear?" Would he move or had her awful night's work been in vain?

"Why, Mary, have I overslept?" said he rising suddenly and leaning on his elbow.

Then like a lightning flash the truth fell upon him.

The liquor drank in the woods the afternoon before; his return to his home to supper; his difficulty going up the ladder, at which Jim Brennan had unsuspectingly laughed; the first few hours which he fought the stupor that was coming on; this he remembered, but what had followed?

"Hush, father, don't speak a word. Jim Brennan is coming up the ladder. The furnace is all right. Jim will think I have just come to tell you how mother is. No one need ever know, father dear."

John Cronin was on his feet in an instant sobered for life. He took Mary's hand, grimy for her work. "Open the door," he said, huskily, "or I'll choke."

Jim Brennan's face appeared above the platform.

"Well, mate, how goes it? Hello, Mary! blessed if you didn't scare me. 'Gainst the rules, you know, to be in the top-house, but I guess the boss won't mind as long as there's a sick mother in the case. Had a hard night of it, did you, young 'un? You look all beat out. There, go 'long, John, put the child to bed; I'll tend to this load, though it ain't mine."

"Thank you, Jim," said Cronin. "Come, Mary, you must be tired."

Not a word was spoken between the pair as they went down the ladder and hurried down the hill. The furnace men were lounging on the floor of the furnace-room.

"Blessed if here ain't Cronin and his gal. Hope the missus ain't no worse," said one.

"She's probably been up all night with her. Never seen such a plucky little woman as that gal in all my life," said another.

Back over the red bridge Mary went, with her hand tightly clasped in her father's. She gave his hand a little squeeze once, when she felt a hot tear drop on her own. There was a smile on her tired, pale face, and a great content in her heart. Father, mother, friends and reputation—all saved!

When they had passed the group of houses that clustered near the bridge, and the woods were before them, her father said: "Mary, does mother know?"

"No. Don't let's tell her. She will think I went to meet you, if she is awake."

"If you'd not followed me last night, Mary, do you know what might have happened?"

Mary nodded her head vigorously. She could not speak.

"Mary, you have saved my life; you have saved the works. As God hears me, I will never drink another drop." And he never broke the vow he made.

Mary cried with joy on her father's neck. All the terror, loneliness and labor of the night were over, like a bad dream. Best of all, the burden of senseless anxiety, which had weighed on her and her mother, was laid down forever. Never again would she listen to his step, in the fear that it might be uncertain, or walk with tired feet seeking him through the slums of a city.

They softly opened the door and found the mother still sleeping. Mary opened the dampers of the "Star of the East," and soon a good breakfast was in preparation.

John Cronin told his wife of his resolution, as he sat by her bedside, after Mary had gone to bed, but he did not tell her then at what a fearful cost of suffering to their child it had been bought.

His intelligence and perseverance won him the position of foreman, and to-day Mary and her mother, who has recovered her health and gaiety in Katahdin Woods, rejoice in their new house, which exceeds Mary's day-dreams.

"That's a fine man, that Cronin," said some one in authority, the other day. "He and his daughter are studying chemistry together, and he has some first-rate notions about roasting the sulphur out of the ore. I shouldn't be surprised if we had a rare find in him."

"The girl is a pretty and lady-like one, too," said another. "The whole settlement seems to be fond of her."

John Cronin, passing on the other side of the red bridge, himself unseen, heard the words and smiled and thought: "Where would Cronin be to-day if it were not for 'Cronin's Daughter'?"—Annie S. Packard, in New England Magazine.

OLLA PODRIDA.

There are said to be 163,000 families in London living in single rooms.

Elections in France are always held on Sundays, in order to suit the convenience of the workingmen and peasants.

The great battles of the civil war were Gettysburg, Spottsylvania, Wilderness, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Chickamauga, Cold Harbor, Fredericksburg, Manassas, Shiloh, Stone River and Petersburg. Gettysburg was the greatest battle of the war; Antietam the bloodiest. The largest army was assembled by the Confederates at the seven days' fight; by the Union at the Wilderness.

Of the rivers now known to geographers, 23 have a total length each of 1,000 miles. There are two over 4,000 miles long, the Mississippi being 4,300 miles, and the Amazon 4,029. Four others are more than 3,000 miles—the Kiang, in Asia, extending 3,900 miles; Yenesei, Asia, 3,580; Nile, Africa, 3,240; and the Hoang-Ho, Asia, 3,040. Seven range between 2,000 and 3,000 miles—the Mackenzie and Rio Bravo in North America, Platte and Rio Madeira in South America Volga in Russia, Amoor in Asia, and Niger in Africa. Those between 1,000 and 2,000 miles are—the Arkansas, Red, Ohio and St. Lawrence in North America; Rio Negro, Orinoco and Uruguay in South America; and Euphrates, Tigris and Ganges in Asia. Most remarkable of all the great rivers is the St. Lawrence. It is 1,450 miles long, and, with the great lakes and tributary rivers, its system covers an area of about 73,000 square miles, and contains at least 9,000 cubic miles of water. This is by far the greatest body of fresh water on the globe, an idea of its vastness being conveyed in the estimate of Prof. C. C. Dinwiddie that forty years would be required for it to pour over Niagara Falls.

Girls Who Study Abroad.

Varina Anne Davis, the youngest daughter of Jefferson Davis, in an article upon "The American Girl Who Studies Abroad," makes a strong plea for American training for American girls. She maintains that, to a woman instructed exclusively in European schools, the monarchical system is usually very dear; nurtured on the divine right of kings as an unanswerable hypothesis, and dazzled by glimpses of court splendor, she often learns to look upon a republican form of government as a crude expedient of a people in the transition state between barbarism and monarchy. Her brain is filled with the gorgeous pageants of great kings and superb conquerors, that defile in glittering procession through the history of older nations, but alas! she stumbles over the battle of New Orleans, and is not quite sure whether it was Washington or Gen. Grant who commanded. Here the resources of her own country are simply represented to her mind by a great pink or yellow spot on the map of North America, the whole continent being drawn in her atlas on no larger a scale than that devoted to some French arrondissement or Swiss canton. She may, if exceptionally well informed, be instructed that the Indians do not depredate the suburbs of New York, or the buffalo roam over the thoroughfares of Chicago; but she will, nevertheless, learn to look upon her countrymen and women through some such spectacles as Dickens wore when he wrote his "American Notes." She will expect bombast instead of elegance, and braggadocio for merit. Of course, an intelligent girl will repair these deficiencies by subsequent study of men and books; but, study as she may, the glamour of her childish imagination can never rest on the past of her own country's history. She will not be able to believe the Washington story as she accepted the myth of William Tell. The critical faculty once awake feeds on the bones of dead ideals; the clear spirituality of a conflict of ideas will be as tasteless to her, full as she is of the personal interest which animates the war of older worlds, as cold spring water would be after wine.

AROUND THE HOUSE.

In whipping cream, don't let the beater touch the bottom of the bowl.

Never leave a spoon in anything required to boil quickly. The spoon conducts the heat away from the liquid.

To keep lemons fresh put them in cold water.

Salt, if applied immediately, will surely prevent wine stains.

To give a good oak color to a pine floor wash in a solution of one pound of copperas dissolved in one gallon of strong lye.

To test nutmegs prick them with a pin, if they are good the oil will instantly spread around the puncture thus made.

The most elevated railroad in the United States is said to be the Denver & South Park Railroad, a branch of the Union Pacific, which at Alpine Tunnel reaches an altitude of 11,596 feet above the level of the sea.

THE LADIES.

AN OLD FASHION REVIVED.

The lace bertha and the watteau bow have met with such success that their popularity is endangered already. The climax of refined elegance in this mode has been reached in the bertha of old point lace, ornamented with small diamonds for evening wear.—[New York Press.

ROSE HEART PINK.

A very lovely tint of "rose-heart" pink appears among the list of new evening colors. It is a fascinating shade, even more exquisite than the pale English-rose shade of last winter. Perhaps a blonde woman, or a brown-haired, brown-eyed one, with a fine complexion, never looks more beautiful than when she wears certain shades of rose color. A new evening toilet of this new particular tint of pink, brocaded with palest yellow rosebuds and foliage, is lightly draped just in front with primrose-yellow crepe de Chine. The half-low bodice is simply finished with a fichu of the crepe de Chine, which is softly folded over the chest with artistic grace, and tied at the side, falling in long ends.—[New York Post.

A WEDDING TRAINEARER.

The pretty custom of introducing a wee lad or lassie to play the part of train bearer has added to the charm of the nuptial pageant. The page is an especial object for admiration. He is generally attired in knee breeches with lace frills, a tiny coat of white satin, over which falls a cape lined with tinted silk, and a little three-cornered hat, caught up with pompons of silk. For less swell occasions the small boy's outfit is not so elaborate. The pictured youngster is all ready to play the part of page. He is attired in mulberry velvet, garnished with rare old lace and ribbons; pink silk stockings and velvet shoes complete the handsome costume. —[New Orleans Picayune.

EXHIBITION OF BONNETS.

An exhibition of bonnets and flowers is the latest fad of the kind at Brussels, Belgium. Not such flowers as kept blooming for months—in rare cases for years—on the bonnets of the fair wearers, but real natural flowers in their beauteous shapes and brilliant colors, and filling the hall with their sweet odorous exhalations. The horticultural society has provided the floral exhibit, forming a charming sea of flowers in the center of the hall. The walls are covered and hidden by a splendid display of green plants of all sorts. And the space between the two exhibits, forming a wide gallery around the floral center and itself surrounded by the green grove covering the walls, is filled with the newest fashions in ladies' bonnets. Every lady visitor paying her admission fee receives a voting blank, on which to write the firm whose exhibit of bonnets she likes best. The votes will be counted and the winner be awarded a prize.—[Chicago Herald.

A PRETTY SACHET.

A pretty and inexpensive sachet may be made of a soft, perfumed ball of wool, about the size of an orange, tied up in the crimped tissue paper so much used for making pretentious paper flowers. Lavender or violet is the pleasantest perfume for these little sachets, which should hang somewhere on the wall near the toilet-table, or even in the clothes closet. To make them, lay two squares of crimped, tinted tissue paper together, one over the other, the lower a little smaller than the upper. Place the little ball of perfumed wool in the centre and tie it up in the tissue paper with a long-looped bow of narrow satin ribbon. A pale pink sachet made with pink and white paper and tied with a long-looped bow of pink ribbon one inch in width is especially pretty in a pink room. A yellow tissue paper, finely crimped and tied up with a white or yellow ribbon, makes a suitable sachet for a yellow room or a white and gold room. These sachets are so simple, so inexpensive and unpretentious that they can be honestly recommended as in better taste than the huge orchids, poppies, roses and other paper flowers that are used to hang on the wall for this same purpose.—[Boston Cultivator.

A POOR MOTHER.

The pathos that necessarily attaches to the life of an infant monarch has been intensified, in the case of the baby King of Spain, by the news of a plot directed against his innocent life. Who, even among the children of the poor, need envy this little crowned baby, whose life, from his very cradle, is shadowed by dangers from which less highly placed children are exempt, and whose future, even if he escapes the perils that menace him, must be one of constant anxiety, ceremony, responsibility and isolation? It is pitiful to think of the poor little fellow playing with his childish toys in blissful ignorance of his position and all that it entails, while strong men are conspiring against the infant life, merely because it stands as the symbol of a form of government to which they are opposed. To Queen Christina the hearts of all true women will turn with new sympathy. Her intense devotion to the little Alfonso has endeared her to very many beyond the limits of her own country, and it will be learned with general regret that to her constant solicitude for her son's health is added the keen anxiety with which she must have been filled by the news of the political danger by which his life has been threatened.—[New York Press.

FASHION NOTES.

Mauve is reigning supreme.

Dressing with an eye to one color is much more economical, as can easily be seen.

Wide baby sashes of moire or fancy ribbon will be very much worn with summer dresses.

Watch the bell skirts worn in the street. Notice how black they are around the bottom and remember our Parisian sisters' would laugh us to scorn.

Breakfast jackets are made of flowered delaines and nainsook, and trimmed with Valenciennes lace and ribbons the exact shade of the pattern.

Dressing gowns are almost as pretty as tea gowns. One made of pink wool stuff has white lace about the neck, a hood frilled with lace and a girdle of white silk cord.

Violets are worn as much for the shade as for the blossom; everything tends to purple, heliotrope and lavender. Dresses are of this shade, stationary, and bonnets are trimmed with it.

The newest shirts are made of French batiste, colored or white, and have a broad turned-down collar reaching almost to the shoulder. Beneath this is tied a small edition of the "windsor" tie.

A novel summer cloak to wear over a silk dress is made entirely of black lace, with large bishop sleeves and a ruffle of lace at the neck. It falls in loose folds, has no lining, and reaches to the feet.

It is a wonder women who wear the small watches suspended from the bodice of their gowns do not have them stolen. It must be quite a temptation to a thief to see the dainty things dangling so carelessly from their gold clasp.

Jet and beaded jewelled garnitures will be used as much as ever. The new patterns are wonderfully beautiful in effect. The cut jet is of the finest and the brooche irridescent, and solid shadings of one rich color are very attractive.

While sleeves are coming down collars are going up. Walking dresses must have either roll overcoat collars with revers and shirt fronts, or if they button up to the throat they must stand full an inch higher than in the winter. Furthermore, they must flare out slightly.

The Russian blouse brings into demand all forms of buckles and clasps. And Russian girdles are very much desired. A good many of them look theatrical and tinsel-like. Be wary of these. A plain leather belt with a leather buckle costing a dollar and a half is of far more style—good style—than cheap taudriness.

Belts are a necessity with shirts. Some are made in Russian leather, others in suede, and have leather buckles. There is also a Swiss belt shape, which is laced in front. For young ladies to wear with a round waist there are narrow belts of velvet or braid with a glimmer of gold in them. These are worn with a plain bodice, as well as a plaited one.

The material called cotton Bedford cords, sold especially for shirt waists, is in reality merely our old friend pique, and very satisfactory shirts it makes, too. The goods is wide enough to allow cutting so that the cord runs up and down instead of across. It is the season's caprice that no starch should be used in shirt waists, not even in the collars and cuffs.

"Eton" is to be the watchword of our styles. There are Eton jackets, Eton collars, and Eton neckties. This title is bestowed on every coat, whether it be long or short, but the real Eton jacket is one which does not extend below the waist. It may terminate an inch above it, but if it is a fraction of an inch below it is not an Eton jacket. One advantage of the Eton coat is that it looks nearly as well over a plain waist as it does over the silk blouses.

Lizards in Solid Chalk.

R. A. Edmondson, of Eden, Suffolk, Eng., writes as follows to one of the London papers: Yesterday I had the good fortune to be present at the discovery of two lizards which were embedded in solid chalk fifty feet below the surface. So completely devoid of life did the creatures appear on first exposure to the air, that I actually believed them fossilized; judge then of my surprise when, on attempting to take them up, I perceived them move.

I immediately placed them in the sun, the heat of which soon restored them to animation. In this state I carried them home and immersed one in some tepid water, keeping the other in a dry place. On closer examination, I noticed that the mouths of each was closed with a kind of glutinous membrane. This obstruction seemed to cause the little saurians an immense amount of inconvenience.

During the night one of them broke the membrane and is now fat and hearty, but the other died from being unable to effect the same purpose.

It is enough to make cold chills creep up one's back to ask and reflect on the question: How long were these tiny, living creatures imprisoned in their chalky beds, and how many centuries before the birth of Christ was it that they sported on Britain's native heath?

English Boy Miners.

"Why are so many miners queer about their legs?" asked one of their number the other day. "It is because we have been racked and strained with overwork when children," he answered. "Take my own case. I was set to work in the pit hauling trolleys when I was a lad of ten, and for these thirty-five years I have spent my days underground. I have worked under all kinds of conditions, but, heavy or light, at best the miner's life is a hard one.

"There are nigh 50,000 lads under fifteen years working in coal mines in England. I have had to hew coal in seams 1 foot 10 inches to 2 feet thick, lying for hours on my side, all but naked, in some inches of water, and under a sort of shower-bath from the roof, picking and shoveling as best I could. That is not the sort of place to sit down and take a lunch or dinner in, so we work on, except for having a sup of cold tea or a bit of bread and butter, till it is time to leave the pit. And I have been in other mines so full of gas that the trail in the safety-lamp left a blue flame behind as you moved the light. Coal-getting is not an easy job, sir." I readily admitted that it was not, and from my own limited observation of the miner's life in the pit I accepted the accuracy of this description.

Old Whale.

A whale recently captured in arctic waters was found to have imbedded in its side a harpoon that belonged to a whaling vessel that had been out of service nearly half a century.

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FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. JUNE 9.

From the Excursionists.

It is a common thing in California to see a man plowing with eight horses, and a gang of ten plows, and as many as eight such teams in a field. In Penns valley to do the same plowing there would be one man to each single plow with two horses. Here one man does the work of ten with a gang plow and eight horses, and does not find it half as tough work as on the average Centre county farm.

When we left Sacramento some four days ago, the river of same name was at its average height. This morning, May 27th, our route again led us past Sacramento, and we found a great portion of the city and as far as the eye could see from the cars, the country along the railroad was under water. The warm weather which set in in the past four or five days melted the snow in the mountains and caused the sudden rise in the Sacramento river. These melting snows have the same effect in causing floods as the heavy rains do in the east. It does not rain in California until in November and December; all the use we have had for umbrellas was to keep off the hot rays of the sun.

We reached Chico this afternoon, 27th, at 3 o'clock. Were landed on General Bidwell's private picnic grounds, where we were met by several thousand people of the town and vicinity. A brass band was on hand, a merry-go-round, a dancing floor, and tables groaning with everything that is needed for a grand lunch. General Bidwell extended to us this hospitality and the citizens lent him every aid to make it a pleasant afternoon for us. Lunch over, such as desired, were driven in carriages to see the beauties of General Bidwell's grounds—2500 acres—his vineyards, orchards, &c. This section like others in the state, is perfectly charming, and ranks among the richest and most beautiful in California.

Saturday, May 28th, was an interesting one for the excursionists. We reached Dutch flats in the morning. Here is the great hydraulic gold mining region of California. The mountains for miles and miles as far as you can see from the railroad, are cut down by hydraulic mining. Whole mountains have been washed away by the playing of a large stream of water, from a hose, upon its sides, and the gold obtained by the washing process, in pans and wooden rocking boxes. The immence quantities of earth thus carried to the farming lands in the Sacramento valley, to the injury of the agricultural and fruit interests, has caused complaint, and an injunction has stopped the hydraulic process of mining. The matter is now pending in the United States Courts. For the benefit of the editorial visitors, however, everything was put in readiness and the manner of hydraulic mining was shown us, in all its phases.

As we reached Dutch flats in the morning, a brass band was in waiting and a little army of men and women, to greet us.

Away down into the washed out mountain gulch we were led, three-fourth of a mile, there were long tables spread with a miners breakfast for us—pork and beans, sandwiches, coffee, etc.

We went into this in true mining style, you bet. After breakfast many of our party tried their hand at gold washing. Immense streams of water, from a four inch nozzle played against the mountain side, wash loose the stuff, and every now and then earth as large as a two-story house would fall with a roar like a cannon. Little streams of water, carrying the wash ran in all directions, and in these we tried the rocker and pan for gold. I obtained about fifty cents worth of pure stuff from a pan in about five minutes. A few others got less. Tom Harter got about $1.50, most of the other "miners" got nothing.

Here was shown us the life of the miner, back in '49. The camp with kettle, and a few sticks to boil coffee. Blasts were set off, the burrow with the miner's outfit on his back, consisting of a sack with pork and beans, pick, pan, blanket, etc., and miners leading the animal and sometimes aboard the patient animal along with the camp equipage. Twenty million dollars in gold have been taken from the Dutch flats in past years, and billions no doubt are still there, to be washed out when the court has decided the question of the refuse carried into the lowlands by this process.

From here we struck for Grass Valley, the great quartz mining district of California. The country around the city of Grass Valley is full of gold mines, and look where you will you see a gold mine.

As we reached the city, we found the station and its surroundings packed with people, to receive us, and the inevitable brass band was there. Excursion trains of people from the surrounding country were there, to get a sight of the National Editorial Association, packing the streets, and waving hats and 'kerchiefs on all sides. We were marched to the different hotels where royal free dinners, topped off with delicious strawberries, cherries and oranges, were in readiness. Out of respect for this grand show of hospitality, the excursionists got away with the dinner with a gusto.

After dinner carriages were in waiting and such as desired were taken out to the quartz mines. I went down into one 2300 feet to witness the operation of quartz mining as distinguished from the hydraulic mining we engaged in during the morning at Dutch flats. After arriving from the depths we were taken through the buildings and the operation of obtaining gold from quartz was shown us. The machinery is simply immense, and the stages thro which the quartz passes, from the rock until it is crushed, washed, roasted, etc., was interesting. This day was one of our most interesting in California, and ended our tour so far as the wonderful state is concerned.

The chances for any one making money are seven out of ten. As a rule, no one who moves to California ever wishes to move back again.

We started last evening on our trip to Portland, which we expect to reach Monday morning, 29th. Thence we go home. Sunday morning I knew it was Sabbath, for I saw a farmer with his mower cutting grass for hay.

I have seen no Canada thistles in this state, neither the thistle so common in Pennsylvania. But I see a thistle which grows large, has a broad leaf, and a blossom like our thistle.

May 30th, struck Oregon last night. Went up grades of 176 foot to the mile, for fifteen miles. A ninety ton engine was put on at Harbrook, a monster to behold, and kept at this point to help trains over eleven miles of steep mountain grades. Sometimes the foot end of our car pointed upward, and sometimes the head end. This evening we found it cool enough to make overcoats feel comfortable, the breezes from the snowy mountains keeping the temperature to a pleasant coolness, midday being about eighty-five here.

Oregon in its hills and dales reminds me altogether of our Pennsylvania mountains and valleys. I see wheat, barley, oats and timothy fields. Apples, peaches, grapes, and other fruits grow plentifully. Potatoes are worth forty to fifty cents, apples same, and wheat sixty-five. There is little or no rain during summer in Oregon, yet all crops thrive; snow is not often had here, and winters rarely down to the freezing point. The mountains are covered with pine, spruce and cedar.

Mt. Shasta, 14,450 feet high, was in full view all day yesterday—sometimes to the right then to the left, according to the windings of the road. We were close to it in the afternoon yet it was twelve miles off, but seemed to be within an hour's walk. Its immense top is covered with a mantle of eternal snow above the clouds.

Portland gave us a hospitable reception, a reception committee meeting us before reaching the city, and took the delegates per steamboat on a sight seeing trip, after which we were landed in the city and in three parties assigned to hotels as the guests of Portland. After partaking of a splendid set-out we were escorted to the opera house, to listen to a popular play, "The Power of the Press." Tuesday further attentions are on the program for our party.

Indians I found ride free on the trains, and are satisfied to sit on the car steps. The railroad companies deeming it best to permit this in order to keep the good will of "poor Lo."

Salt Lake valley, through which we passed on Saturday, once a worthless desert, is now a veritable garden. Brigham Young did not make a mistake when he selected this valley as the abiding place for the Latter Day Saints. Under the early nursing and industry of the Mormans, it has become a land of beauty and productiveness. We visited the Mormon temple now nearly forty years in building. It is a beautiful edifice, and is to be finished next year—the fortieth since the work upon the temple began. In the same square, enclosed by a high fence is the celebrated Mormon tabernacle which will seat, when crowded, 12,000 persons. In it is the finest organ in the world, there being only one other to match it. Several rehearsa ls were given by the organist for our benefit. It has volume sufficient to fill two such immense churches, and its tones at once struck the visitors with awe and admiration. The vast tabernacle, 250 feet in length, can be made to tremble when the deep bass keys of the wonderful instrument are struck, and its voxhumani will mislead the visitor to the belief that the softest and richest female voices are hidden within the instrument, so near the human are its tones.

The accaustics of the vast chamber are wonderful in perfection. As we sat in the most distant part of the gallery, one of the Mormon officials called for silence that he might display the accaustic properties of the chamber. Two hundred and forty feet away, opposite from where we sat, he dropped a pin, a distance of about six inches upon the railing, and we distinctly heard it drop. He then rubbed his hands gently and we could hear it as distinctly as if we stood close to him. He next whispered several sentences, and what he said was plainly understood by us, 240 feet distant. I do not think any gentile edifice can boast of such wonderful qualities, and yet the Mormon tabernacle has possessed them for many years. We received a permit from the bishop to visit the temple and tabernacle.

On the opposite side of the street is the Mormon tithing house, recently confiscated by the United States government.

We took a look at Brigham's residence, and the Beehive in which his two score of wives resided. Some of the residences connected therewith are still occupied by children of Brigham Young. Opposite is the school house, once used for the education of his children, now used as a public school building. We next visited Brigham's grave, two blocks away, where several of his wives are also buried. These sights are the only ones of interest in Salt Lake, the city, of course, is a fine town.

Salt Lake is a vast body of brine, in which a man cannot drown, because of the saltness of the water rendering its specific gravity so great. A number of our party excurted to Garfield beach, a fine summer resort on the lake, 18 miles from the city, and took a bath in the salty sea, and we saw they could float as easily as a pine stick. Five gallons of this water will make one gallon of pure salt.

Salt Lake city is a lively town, has fine buildings, good hotels and restaurants, at the latter of which, like all through California cities one can get a good meal for twenty-five cents.

In Colorado we passed through some of the wonderful canons, like mountains split apart, perpendicular walls of solid rock 1000 to 2000 feet in height. Here are to be seen wonderful rock formations, resembling castles, magnificent edifices, pillars, statues, ruined towns, as if swept by fire with avenues of walls standing, domes and fig-

Continued on next page.

JUST IN.

.: NEW LOT :.

—OF—

MEN'S ALL WOOL SUITS

—AT—

$10.00.

FAUBLE'S.

BELLEFONTE, - - - - PA.

Good Looks.

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the Liver be inactive, you have a Bilious Look, if your stomach be disordered you have a Pinched Look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alterative and Tonic acts directly on these vital organs. Cures Pimples, Blotches, Boils and gives a good complexion. Sold at J. D. Murray's Drugstore, 50c. per bottle.

APPEALS FOR 1892.—TRIENNIAL ASSESSment.—Notice is hereby given that the Commissioners of Centre county will meet the taxpayers at the following times and places, for the purpose of hearing and determining appeals for the Tri-ennial assessment of 1892. The time for hearing appeal will be between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 p. m., except when otherwise noted:

Miles township, Wednesday, June 22, at the election house, Rebersburg.

Haines and Penn townships and Millheim boro, Thursday, June 23, at the election house, Millheim.

Gregg and Potter townships and Centre Hall boro, Friday, June 24, at the election house, Centre Hall.

Spring and Benner townships, Saturday, June 25, at the Commissioners office, Bellefonte.

Harris and College townships, Monday, June 27, at the election house, Lemont.

Ferguson township, Tuesday, June 28, at the election house, Pine Grove Mills.

Half Moon and Patton townships, Wednesday, June 29, at the white school house, in Half Moon twp., near Capt. John S. Hunter's.

Taylor and Worth townships, Thursday, June 30, at the election house, Port Matilda.

Huston and Union townships and Unionville boro, Friday, July 1, at the election house, Unionville.

Boggs township and Milesburg boro, Saturday, July 2, at the election house Central City.

Walker and Marion townships, Tuesday, July 5, at the election house Hublersburg.

Liberty, Curtin and Howard townships and Howard boro, Wednesday, July 6, at the election house, Howard boro

Snow Shoe and Burnside townships, Thursday, July 7, at the election house, Snow Shoe.

Rush township and Philipsburg boro, Friday, July 8, at Public Hall, Philipsburg.

Bellefonte boro, Monday, July 11, at the Commissioners office, Bellefonte.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given to the assessors of the several districts, that they be present with the board of commissioners, on the day of said appeal, in their respective districts as well as all persons who may feel agrrieved. Assessors will please bring all books and papers they have to the appeal.

GEO. L. GOODHART,)
T. F. ADAMS,) Coms.
Attest, J. B. STROHM.)
ROBT. F. HUNTER, Clerk,
Com's Office, Bellefonte, Pa., May 28, 1892.

BUFFALO VALLEY FARM AT PUBLIC SALE.

o—Also Steam Forge at Lewisburg.—o

Pursuant to an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Union Co., the undersigned Assignee in trust for the benefit of the creditors of James P. Frederick, will expose to sale by public outcry, the following property, on

o——o THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1892, o——o

at the farm building, ½ mile west of Lochiel Hotel, that

o——o SPLENDID MANSION FARM, o——o

in the very heart of Buffalo Valley, on the turnpike between Vicksburg and Lochiel, or Biehl's Station, adjoining lands of Jas. Biehl, Cyrus Dreisbach, Andrew Ruhl, Jas. Slear and Rishel's heirs, containing 101 Acres and 45 Perches, on which are a Brick Mansion, Bank Barn, Sheds, &c., Hall Wind Mill for water pumping, never-failing Well, First-class Orchard. The land is of the highest quality and needs to be seen to be appreciated.

This is a rare opportunity to buy the best land in the best neighborhood at the fairest price.

ALSO, at the same time and place, the undersigned and Samuel Dunkel will expose at public sale the

LEWISBURG STEAM FORGE WORKS AND FRANCHISES,

being the complete Steam Forge erected on 5 lots of ground in Purdy & Shipman's Addition to Lewisburg, Main Building 120x72 Annex, 30x24 also Office Building. 2 latest improved Benment & Miles Hammers, Two Tubular Boilers, 100 H. P. 50 H. P. Engine, 2 Cranes, Complete Telegraphs, No. 14 Buffalo Blower, 2 Large Heating Furnaces, Double Header Cut-off, 22-Foot Lathe, Centering and Emery Machines, Full Set Fairbanks' Scales, R. R. and Wagon Scales, Full Set Tools and Dies, &c., for all manner of work. Flowing water and connections with Borough system and siding of Penn's and Phila & Reading Railroads at the buildings.

Sale to begin at 1 o'clock P. M. sharp.

TERMS.—20 per cent. at sale; 30 per cent. Sept. 19th, 1892, and balance April 1st, 1893.

Centre Co. people can return home same day, leaving Biehl Station at 2:30 p. m.

JOHN W. FREDERICK,
Assignee.

For information address, J. T. BAKER, Att'y.
Lewisburg, Pa.

TREASURER'S SALE OF UNSEATED LANDS for taxes for 1890 and 1891—agreeable to the provisions of law relating to the sale of unseated tracts of land for the non payment of taxes. Notice is hereby given that there will be exposed at public sale or outcry, the following tracts of unseated lands in county of Centre, Penna., for taxes due and unpaid thereon, at the Court House in the Borough of Bellefonte, on Monday, the 13th day of June, 1892, at 1 o'clock p. m.

BOGGS TWP.

Acres.	Per.	Warrantee Name.	Taxes.
433	163	Godfrey Martha	25 82
150		Lane Sarah	6 15

BURNSIDE TWP.

415		Black James	12 46
433	163	Brady Robt	13 01
433	163	Brady Wm P	23 43
433	163	Brady John	13 01
415		Boyd John	12 46
433	163	Cook William	27 43
433	163	Cowden John	27 43
140	122	Cox Paul	24 00
433	163	Dewart John	12 81
433	163	Dewart William	12 81
433	163	Donnelly Henry	12 81
433	163	Fox Samuel M	12 81
433	163	Gray Robert	12 81
433	163	Gray William	12 81
433	163	Grant Thomas	23 43
433	163	Gobin Chas	12 81
360		Guerney Francis	5 04
433	163	Hall Charles	13 01
433	163	Housel John	23 43
433	163	Hamilton Thos	6 97
433	163	Kidd John	13 01
433	163	Lyon John	23 43
70		Nickolson Jno	2 10
64		O'Brien Michael	5 74
216	163	Parker Jeremiah	14 05
433	163	Shaffer Henry	23 43
40		Stewart Walker	24 00
433	163	Scott Samuel	13 01
145		Stewart Ann	8 59
415		Taliman Sarah M	12 46
433	163	Towers James	26 09
415		Widener Jacob	5 82
415		Wallace Jos S	12 46
415		Weitzell John	22 41
204		Withington Martin	6 11

CURTIN TWP.

50		Brooks Jesse	9 70
204		Bruce Charles	14 27
71	131	Curtin Roland	3 44
204	31	Godfrey Martha	14 27
403		Kelso Rebecca	23 25
100		Kelso Joseph	8 25
200		Meyer Philip	19 40
100		Meyer Simon	9 70
420	48	Meyers Michael	40 41
420		Myer Valentine	40 41
115		Taylor Joseph	8 25
160		Willis Jonathan	13 20

FERGUSON TWP.

100		Burchfield Wm	5 55

GREGG TWP.

200		Bishop Cornelius	3 90
200		Carson Jno	3 90
140		Gray Robt	2 73
106	126	Hahn William	7 80
122	31	Hepburn Wm	1 15
144		Logan Wm	2 80
153		Markley Jacob	3 19
88		Painter John	1 74
125		Richardson Isaac	2 44
148		Reed Daniel	2 87
118		Taggart Wm	2 29
136		Taggart David	2 66
51		Unknown	1 99
116		Zeigler Michael	7 80

HAINES TWP.

405		Gratz Simon	6 49
209		Grove Wendell	3 35
80		Motz Jno	64

HALF MOON TWP.

216		Lamborn Josiah	10 22
44	11	Unknown	1 55

HARRIS TWP.

94		Conley Adam	4 79
240		Duff Andrew	2 80
260		Gregg Thomas	4 16
93		Henry Stophel	4 65
140		Henry Stophel	1 12
75		Irwin John	1 22
150		"	3 61
10		Irwin William	52
169		Mitchell Jno	8 70
231		" "	10 76
402	80	McCormick Eleanor	5 87
260		McClellan George	3 05
412	124	Parker Thomas	21 07
400		Reed James	9 60
88		Reynolds Jno	4 59
212		Reynolds Jno	10 81
170		" "	5 09
100		Sankey Thomas	1 75
165		Simpson Nathan	7 53
2.5		" "	11 99
159		Wilson Samuel	8 09
241		" "	12 31
125		Wilson David	6 29
75		Wilson Wm	1 29
50		Wilson Peter	86
152		Work David	7 65
138		Work Joseph	7 05

HOWARD TWP.

107	104	Brown Samuel	8 05
415		Godfrey Martha	14 20
126	92	Harris Jas D	5 33

LIBERTY TWP.

80		Gorrell Wm	6 50
166		Hayes Robt and Jas	19 92
175		Hayes Wm ¼ of	3 57
309		Irwin Robt	18 57
125		Jackson Jeremiah	5 02
200		Krouse Daniel	8 00
150		Lytle Peter	6 71

MARION TWP.

197		Harris A D	1 80
37	100	Mckinney David	6 95

MILES TWP.

440		Brady Wm P	4 27
273		Barion Wm	5 05
403		Carothers Jas	5 40
200		Carothers Thos	3 70
250		Cooper W E	18 50
424		Calhoun Geo	31 28
100		Hepburn Jas	2 06
100		Kreamer Peter	3 70
402	124	Miles Wm 9-16 of	16 72
402	134	" " 7-16 of	13 12
58		Parker Wm	4 30
200		Princeton Jacob	14 80
277		Swineford Peter	1 43
415		Sidell Stophel	30 71
150		Wolf Jonathan	2 78
158		Young Benj	2 91

PENN TWP.

200		McCauly Wm	7 00
300		Montgomery Wm	10 50
276		Montgomery Daniel	11 27
170		Swineford Peter 1-2 of	2 93

POTTER TWP.

265		Blair Joseph	14 02
288		Bond Mary	5 76
400		Brady Wm P	12 00
81	111	Cameron Alev	1 96
133		Deininger Christ	7 80
300		Falls Thomas	4 27
268		Falls Thomas	7 88
84		Frick Jno Jr	4 92
198		Fullmer H B	2 51
200		Garrigas Edward	3 90
125		Hubler Bernard	6 32
100		Hunter Alexander	5 76
286		Jacobs G	6 24
200		Garrigus Wm	3 90
300		Gregg Thomas	5 70
275		Gordon Thomas	8 78
300		McClellan George	4 27
314		McKim Robt	19 32
86		" "	1 7
138		McKim David	2 70
262		"	15 34
105		McClellan Geo	2 11
278		Norris John	7 80
94		Patterson Benj	5 62
447		Parker	13 40
300		Reed John C	3 00
100		Scott Samuel	5 86
100		Scott Abraham	5 86
108	61	Telly Ferrell	3 90
88		Vanderslice Henry	5 86

RUSH TWP.

433	153	Allison John	204 78
528		Allison James	157 44
50		Allison Andrew	108 00
300		Allison A and Jno Lilly	19 20
340	10	Atherton Richard	5 68
281	153	Allison Andrew	18 24
52		Bauman Joseph	4 99
433	153	Brickley Daniel	18 18
776		Copenhaver & Whitcomb	30 15
253		Dentler William	24 29
433	163	Ehler Daniel	27 28
433	153	Eberman Philip	20 83
433	153	Fitzgerald Daniel	27 29
433	153	Grant Thomas	103 93
50		Groe Elizabeth	3 25
121	152	Groe & McKeon	12 71
216	156	Grant Thomas	41 47
433	153	Greaves Thomas	9 11
433	153	Gray Wm	19 96
433	163	Hopkins Jno	26 59
433	153	Haines Reuben Jr	62 40
216	156	Hamilton Thomas	41 47
433	153	" " ¼ of	11 39
100		King Robert	48 00
434		Lucas Chas	9 11
433	153	Lewis David	9 11
433	153	Lowden Richard	28 38
433	153	Lowden John	45 47
400		Matlock Nathaniel	8 40
200		Matlock Josiah	4 20
433	153	Malone Richard	9 11
433	153	" "	20 83
433	153	Myers Jacob	57 98
433	153	McClellan John	54 60
425		Morris Richard	8 93
160		McCord J R & A Campbell	5 25
433	153	Musser John ¼ of	11 39
433	153	Morgan B R ¼ of	11 39
433	153	Malone Richard	9 09
433	153	" "	9 05
322	153	Old Davis	54 39
433	153	Peters Richard ¾ of	13 69
433	153	Pinkerton Henry	24 28
30		Phillips Hardman	3 78
14	84	Potter W	1 89
177	84	Phillips Hardman	33 98
40		Reed Jno	5 04
233	153	Rudisill Jacob	29 97
433	153	Rush Benj	103 93
38		Robinson Wm H	3 99
26		" " "	2 78
216		Ranny Robt	10 37
433	153	Slough Geo	41 57
433		Stoner Jno	14 94
433	153	Siddens Eleanor	45 47
193		Witmer Henry	18 53
226¾		Wilson John	13 70
75		Wilson Wm	15 75
433	153	Wallace Jas J	41 57
108		Wilson Jno	4 54
432	153	Zantzinger Paul	54 60

SPRING TWP.

186	115	Purdue John E	9 31
300		Robinson Catharine	11 29
300		Robinson Rebecca	8 49
150		Robinson Richard	5 33
100		Unknown	4 21

SNOW SHOE TWP.

433	153	Fisher Samuel W	62 35
433	153	Fisher Jas C	62 35
433	153	Norris J P ¼ of	9 31
433	153	" " "	9 31
216		Parker Jeremiah ⅛ of	2 97
216		" " ⅛ of	2 97
162		Tompkins, Jos	26 73
433	163	Wain Phoebe	31 82
39	29	Wharton Mary M	2 29
39	29	" "	2 29

TAYLOR TWP.

76		Anshultz Geo	3 65
50		Clark Joseph	4 80
163		Hootman Elizabeth	12 62
454		Montgomery W W	9 98
216	156	McEwen Polly	20 83
434		Montgomery John	9 98
100		Master Thomas	9 60
299		Whitehead Richard	19 20

UNION TWP.

150		Brown William	6 30
117		Davis Boyce	5 25
159	140	Marin Harvey	6 68
433	163	Wistar Wm	17 50

WALKER TWP.

92	94	Askers Robert	2 01
212	10	Baker John	7 48
162		Brooks Ruth	2 89
247	65	Baker Robert	5 43
289	129	Currier Mary	6 16
60		" "	1 32
115	113	Daugherty Mary	2 54
179	110	Daugherty Elizabeth	3 96
69	39	Evans Jesse	1 51
100	39	" "	2 20
92	26	Eckert Wm	2 02
80		Fry Geo	3 52
243	55	Gilbert Wm	5 36
211	72	Hahn Peter	4 66
22	47	Hahn Ebenezer	51
65	40	Hahn Wm	1 43
219	39	James Margaret	4 84
215	155	James Edward	4 75
59	40	Johnson David	1 32
161		Knox John	6 60
527	160	Mansell Wm	7 22
99	94	Mercer John	2 01
227	100	Mercer David	7 22
384	96	Miller Wm	8 47
443	59	Osman Captain	4 64
86	40	Packer Job	1 91
89	40	Packer James Jr	2 09
182		Purden Richard	6 60
100		Purden John	2 20
175		Robinson Richard	6 60
88	54	" "	1 93
382	138	Sutler Daniel	8 44
12		Wilson Robert	27

WORTH TWP.

33		Clymer Henry	1 84
74		Campbell Robert	38
225		Hawthorn Thos	3 46
345		Kubnes Jno	23 00
260		Lawman Geo	4 60
330		Mayland Jasper	4 53
274		Miles Samuel	18 40
86		Ross John	5 92
79		Swanwick John	4 83
6		Singer John	69
88		Slippen Wm Jr	2 45
247		Wister Wm	15 41
30		Wister Daniel	2 40

NOTE.

In accordance with the act of June 6th, 1887, interest will be added to the amount of all taxes assessed against unseated lands above advertised.

JAMES J. GRAMLEY,
County Treasurer.

ALSO,

All of the following lots or tracts of land returned by the tax collectors of the following districts, respectively, for the years of 1886, 1887, 1888, and 1889, to the Commissioners of Centre County, for non payment of taxes, according to the provisions of the several Acts of Assembly relative to the sale of seated lands for taxes:

Acres.	Lot.	Name ass'd in.	Years.	Taxes.
		PHILIPSBURG BORO.		
	Park	Ph'rg Park Asso.	'87-88	59 50
	Lot	Frank Nelson,	'87-88	15 66
	Foundry	Jones & Landon	'88	78 90
	Lot	Wesley Joonston	'88	23 64
	Lot	Albert Owens,	88	9 1
		MILESBURG BORO.		
	Lot	E. A Green,	'87-89	6 32
	Lot	Mrs. Eliz. M'Ghee	'87-89	8 40
		HUSTON TWP.		
433		Austin Swisher,	1887	27 22
330		Bush & Tome,	1887	44 93
	Lot	Lizzie Light,	1887	18
100		E. J. Henderson Est.	1887	8 25
		LIBERTY TWP.		
270		Christian Holter	1888	53 56
	Mill & farm	Jno. Nestlerode,	1889	83 28
		WORTH TWP.		
	Lot	C. L. Beckwith	1889	68
5		Isaac Jarrett,	'86-89	86
	Lot	Elizabeth Snyder	'86-89	64
	Lot	Philip Newman	1889	3 95
		J. I. Thompson,	1889	20 10
	Lot	John Erb,	1889	58
		SPRING TWP.		
	Lot	J. L. Murphy,	1889	4 66

JAS. J. GRAMLEY,
Co. Treasurer.

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—THE undersigned, executor of John Emerick, dec'd., late of Centre Hall borough, will offer at public sale on the farm, about 2½ miles east of Centre Hall, on the Brush Valley road, on

o——o SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1892, o——o

At 1 o'clock, the following described real estate of said deceased:

—— A VALUABLE FARM, ——

situate in Potter township, bounded on the north by Nittany mountain, on the east by Lieb farm, on the south by lands of George and Philip Durst, and on the west by lands of Arney estate, containing

)——(186 ACRES,)——(

more or less, of which all is clear and in good state of cultivation, except twenty-five acres of fine timber land. Thereon erected two sets of farm buildings, consisting of dwelling houses, barns and other outbuildings. Running water at each of the buildings. Two orchards of choice fruit. The land is underlaid with several veins of semi-bituminous coal, so pronounced by experts.

ALSO

The property situate on Church street, in the borough of Centre Hall, consisting of a lot of ground. Thereon erected a 2-story

—— FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, STABLE, ——

and other outbuildings. There is a fine lot of fruit on the premises. This is a desirable home and well located.

Terms will be made known on day of sale.

DR. C. E. EMERICK,
Executor.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES.
820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.
26marly

Surrah silks from 40 cts. upward.

Beautiful dress challies, fast colors, 6 cts. per yard.

Men's working pants, strong and tough, $1.00. LYON & Co.

From opposite page.

ures grotesque and grave. One formation reminded us of the capitol at Washington. One can ride days and nights and these wonderful rock formations are ever in view, constantly changing.

June 3rd, as our train held up in one of the mountain passes, the writer found a big head of snow among some rocks near the track, and it was but a few moments until the passengers indulged in a regular winter sport of snow balling each other. A passenger train was snow balled as much to the amusement of the passengers in it as to our people who pelted them with snow. Before reaching Leadville I telegraphed to Tom Motz to be at the station and see some of his cousins. When the train stopped at 8.30 I stepped on the platform and found Tom there, and in a carriage drove T. Harter and wife and the writer, to his residence.

Tom, after a short stay at his residence, to have a chat with Mrs. Motz, (nee Stover, daughter of G. W. Stover, of Pennsylvania,) took us around to see the sights of Leadville, one of the wickedest places on Uncle Sam's farm. Gambling in all its forms is an all night and all day affair here and public. All the other imaginable vices are to be found here, lying around loose and indoors. There are some fine people in Leadville, notwithstanding. A two hours stay and we were taken to the train for other points. Leadville has 10,000 population; has an elevation of 11300 feet, which makes breathing difficult for all strangers. Mr. and Mrs. Motz accompanied us to the train regretting our stay was so short. Mr. Motz engages in gold mining on his own account, and is laying up no mean pile. Here is the water shed between the Pacific and Atlantic, a tunnel near by has water running to the Pacific in its centre and on the other side it runs to the Atlantic. Leadville is a purely mining town, with gold, silver and lead mines around it almost as thick as fence corners in Penns valley.

Southern Nebraska through which we passed is a charming country; it is a fertile prairie, and crops look fine.

Our train was wrecked on the morning of the 4th, near McCook, the town that was struck by the fearful cyclone the day previous. Five cars upturned, tearing up rails and ties, and plowing up the prairie like a corn patch. Wonderful to tell, besides one broken arm and slight bruises, there was no serious injury to the passengers.

Five cars and the engine broke loose and proceeded right ahead to the next station, to summon physicians and aid. The wreck looked fearful. The car the writer was in, being in the rear remained at an angle of 45 degrees.

Iowa is a grand country as seen from the cars, and the crops are looking finely. F. K.

Pronounced Hopeless, Yet Saved.

From a letter written by Mrs. Ada E. Hurd, of Groton, S. D., we quote: "Was taken with a bad cold, which settled on my Lungs, cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Saviour, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all, eight bottles; it has cured me, and thank God I am now a well and hearty woman." Trial bottles free at J. D. Murray's Drugstore, regular size, 50c. and $1.00.

A Full Equipment.

The REPORTER office received a full and fine equipment of job type of the latest styles and designs, for the execution of all kinds of job work. All old type has been thrown out and their places supplied with new, and we now have a modernly equipped office. Work will be executed with neatness and dispatch. We carry in stock a fine line of wedding invitations, wedding envelopes, cards, letter and note heads, etc., etc., and guarantee our work to be strictly first class,—if in need of anything enumerated give us a call, and we will gladly quote prices.

Hon. W. V. Lucas, Ex-State Auditor of Iowa, says: "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family and have no hesitation in saying it is an excellent remedy. I believe all that is claimed for it. Persons afflicted by a cough or cold will find it a friend." There is no danger from whooping cough when this remedy is freely given. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by J. D. Murray Druggist.

The following item, clipped from the Ft. Madison (Iowa,) *Democrat*, contains information well worth remembering: Mr. John Roth, of this city, who met with an accident a few days ago, spraining and bruising his leg and arm quite severely, was cured by one 50 cent bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm." This remedy is without an equal for sprains and bruises and should have a place in every household. For sale by J. D. Murray Druggist.

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Acme Blacking retails at 20c.

and at that price sells readily. Many people are so accustomed to buying a dressing or blacking at 5c. and 10c. a bottle that they cannot understand that a blacking can be **cheap** at 20c. We want to meet them with cheapness if we can, and to accomplish this we offer a reward of

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for a recipe which will enable us to make WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING at such a price that a retailer can profitably sell it at 10c. a bottle. We hold this offer open until Jan. 1st, 1893.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Two Bottles Cured Her. V1

CARROLL, Iowa, July, 1889.

I was suffering 10 years from shocks in my head, so much so that at times I didn't expect to recover. I took medicines from many doctors, but did not get any relief until I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. The second dose relieved me and 2 bottles cured me. S. W. PECK.

HARRISVILLE, Pa., March, 1891.

We began using Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for our 14-year-old daughter (who had had epileptic fits since she was 5 years old) over a year ago with but little hope of any good, as we had been so often disappointed in other remedies, but soon after using this medicine she began to get better, and we hope that any and all afflicted with this terrible disease will try your wonderful remedy. I recommend your medicine to every one affected with any *nervous affliction whatever.* H. S. BINGHAM.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

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These Specifics cure without drugging, purging or reducing the system, and are in fact and deed the **sovereign remedies of the World.**

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6	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting	.25
7	Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis	.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache	.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25
10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach	.25
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12	Whites, too Profuse Periods	.25
13	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	.25
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SPECIFICS

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20	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs	.50
21	Asthma, Oppressed Breathing	.50
22	Ear Discharges, Impaired Hearing	.50
23	Scrofula, Enlarged Glands, Swelling	.50
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25	Dropsy, and Scanty Secretions	.50
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28	Nervous Debility Seminal Weakness, or Involuntary Discharges	1.00
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30	Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed	.50
31	Painful Periods, with Spasm	.50
32	Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation	1.00
33	Epilepsy, Spasm, St. Vitus' Dance	1.00
34	Diphtheria, Ulcerated Sore Throat	.50
35	Chronic Congestions & Eruptions	.50

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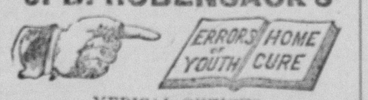

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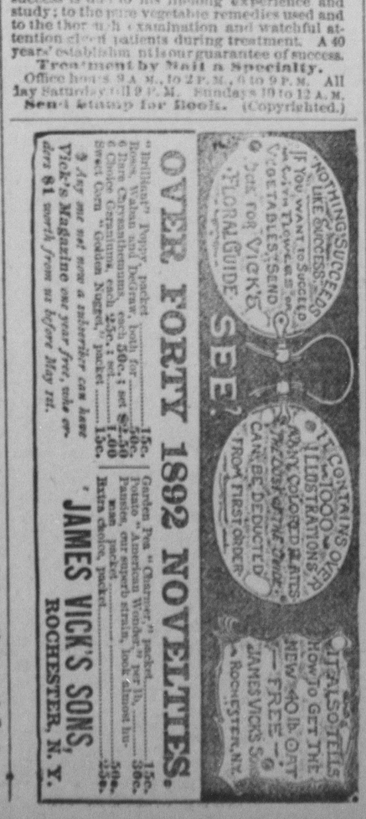

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All grades of Roller flour constantly on hand, at wholesale to dealers and at retail.

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The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate.

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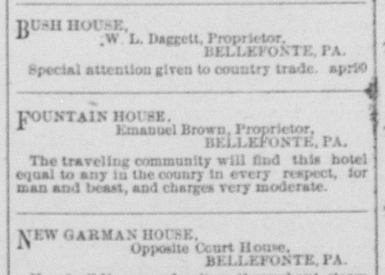

HE Missed his Opportunity! DON'T Miss Yours, Reader. The majority neglect their opportunities, and from that cause live in poverty and die in obscurity! Harrowing despair is the lot of many, as they look back on lost, forever lost, opportunity. **Life is passing!** Reach out. Be up and doing. Improve your opportunity, and secure prosperity, prominence, peace. It was said by a philosopher, that "the Goddess of Fortune offers a golden opportunity to each person at some period of life; embrace the chance, and she pours out her riches; fail to do so and she departs, *never* to return." How shall you find the GOLDEN opportunity? Investigate every chance that appears worthy, and of fair promise; that is what all successful men do. Here is an opportunity, such as is not often within the reach of laboring people. Improved, it will give, at least, a grand start in life. The GOLDEN opportunity for many is here. **Money** to be made rapidly and honorably by any industrious person of either sex. All ages. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from **$5** to **$10** per day. You can do as well if you will work, not too hard, but industriously; and you can increase your income as you go on. You can give spare time only, or all your time to the work. Easy to learn. Capital not required. We start you. All is comparatively new and really wonderful. We instruct and show you how, **free.** Failure unknown among our workers. No room to explain here. Write and learn all free by return mail. Unwise to delay. Address at once, **H. Hallett & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine.**

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Time Table, in effect May 22, 1892.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTANDON, EASTWARD.

9.23 a. m.—Train 14. (Daily except Sunday. For Sunbury, Willkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsvilie, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 3.00 p. m., New York, 5.50 p. m., Baltimore, 3.20 p. m., Washington, 4.30 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all sea-shore points. Through passenger coaches to Wilkesbarre, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Parlor cars to Philadelphia.

1.35 p. m.—Train 8. (Daily except Sunday.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6.50 p. m., New York, 9.55 p. m., Baltimore, 6.45 p. m., Washington at 8.15 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

5.00 p. m.—Train 12. [Daily except Sunday.] For Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville Harrisburg and intermediate points, arriving at Philadelphia 10.55 p m., Baltimore 10.40 p. m., Passenger coaches to Wilkesbarre and Philadelphia.

8.02 p. m.—Train 6. (Daily.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.25 a. m., New York at 7.10 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7.00 a. m.

1.29 a. m.—Train 4. (Daily.) For Sunbury Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving a Philadelphia at 6.50 a. m., New York, 9.30 a. m Baltimore, 6.20 a. m., Washington, 7.30, a m Pullman sleeping cars to Philadelphia and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.36 a. m.—Train 3. (Daily) For Erie and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman cars and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

10.17.—Train 15. (Daily) For Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

1.56 p. m.—Train 11. (Daily except Sunday. For Kane, Canandaigua and intermediate stations Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester, and Parlor car to Rochester.

5.54 p. m.—Train 1. (Daily except Sunday.) For Renovo, Elmira and intermediate stations.

9.23 p. m.—Train 21. (Daily) For Williamsport and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR MONTANDON FROM EAST AND SOUTH.:

Train 15 leaves New York 12.15 night, Philadelphia 4.30 a m, Baltimore 4.45 a. m. Harrisburg 8.10 a m, daily, Wilkesbarre, 7.25 a. m. (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 10.17 a m

Train 11 leaves Philadelphia 8.50 a m, Washington 8.10 a m, Baltimore, 9.00 a m, Willkesbarre 10.15 a m, (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 1.56 p m, with parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Train 1 leaves New York 9.00 a m, Phila., 11.40 a m; Washington at 10.50 a m, Baltimore at 11.45 a m, Wilkesbarre 3.12 p m, (daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon at 5.54 p m, with through passenger coaches from Phila. and Baltimore.

Train 21 leaves New York 2.00 p m, Philadelphia 4.25 p m, Washington 3.25 p m, Baltimore 4.30 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon 9 23 p m. Through Parlor Car from Philadelphia week days.

Train 3 leaves New York at 8.00 p m, Philad. 11.20 p m, Washington 10.00 p m, Baltimore, 11.20 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon at 5.36 a m, with through Pullman sleeping cars from Phila., Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward.				STATIONS.	Eastward.		
P M	P.M.	A.M.			A M	P.M.	P M
2 05		5 50		Montandon	9 20		4 55
2 20		6 20		Lewisburg	9 10		4 45
2 30		6 30		Biehl	9 00		4 37
2 37		6 35		Vicksburg	8 53		4 32
2 47		6 45		Mifflinburg	8 43		4 22
3 03		7 00		Millmont	8 27		4 09
3 13		7 08		Glen Iron	8 17		4 02
3 47		7 43		Paddy Mountain	7 43		3 30
3 58	7 25	7 53		Coburn	7 32	7 10	3 18
4 06	7 82	8 01		Zerby	7 24	7 02	3 10
4 15	7 50	8 10		Rising Spring	7 16	6 54	3 02
4 23	7 58	8 18		Penn Cave	7 10	6 48	2 54
4 28	8 03	8 24		Centre Hall	7 03	6 42	2 47
4 34	8 09	8 32		Gregg	6 57	6 36	2 40
4 40	8 16	8 37		Linden Hall	6 50	6 30	2 32
4 45	8 20	8 42		Oak Hall	6 45	6 25	2 27
4 49	8 24	8 46		Lemont	6 41	6 22	2 23
4 53	8 28	8 51		Dale Summit	6 37	6 17	2 18
5 02	8 37	9 00		Pleasant Gap	6 28	6 09	2 08
5 05	8 40	9 04		Axemann	6 25	6 05	2 04
5 10	8 45	9 10		Bellefonte	6 20	6 00	2 00

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 10.00 a m, 1.20, 5.35 and 7.45 p m, turning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.35 a m, 10.25 a m, 5.05 p m, 6.00 p m, and 8.05 p m

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ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Queer Episodes and Thrilling Adventures Which Show that Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

A curious specimen of linguist lives six miles east of Brenham, Texas. He is Henry Williams, a seven year old negro boy, as bright and quick-witted as any child of his age, but he speaks a language of his own, or, rather, a mixture of languages. He has grown up from a baby in the settlement, which is composed of Poles, Bohemians and Germans, with a thin sprinkling of Americans. The children of these different nationalities have played together and learned words from each other until all of them mix their mother tongues more or less, but Henry has surpassed them all. His own mother can't understand half he says, and a stranger is at sea in his company, for he speaks a combination of Bohemian, German, Polish and English, with the odd negro accent and inaccuracies. His home is not directly on the main thoroughfare, but off on a gin or third-class road, and Henry is always on hand when he sees a wagon or vehicle of any sort coming down the lane to open the gates in hopes a nickel may be given him for his courtesy. He gets more nickels, however, for his linguistic feats than for accommodation in the opening of gates, for his attainments are known to most of the neighbors, and they nearly always stop a while to engage him in conversation—not that they are any wiser from his talk, but simply to hear the awful gibberish of which he is the original and only master.

It is a well-known fact that engines of high speed expresses kill small and large heavy flying birds, such as partridges and grouse, in great quantities, sometimes carrying their bodies long distances. A locomotive superintendent of one of the principal northern lines in England was recently given a dead bird which, though a very rapid flyer, had met its doom through the agency of the iron horse. This bird was a sparrow hawk, and it is now stuffed and may be seen in the Carlton Road Board School Museum, Kentish Town. The engineer of the train relates that he was travelling between sixty and seventy miles an hour near Melton, when just on the point of entering a long tunnel he observed fluttering in front of the engine some object which he at first mistook for a rag, but when, on leaving the tunnel, he went forward, he discovered, to his astonishment, that it was a sparrow hawk, which had become entangled between the hand-rail and the smoke-box of the engine, and was held there firmly by the pressure of the wind. It was not quite dead when taken out of this curious death-trap. There is no doubt that it met its death accidentally, as a hawk can fly quicker than the fastest trains travel.

The officers of Yankton College, South Dakota, have hit on a novel plan to get out of debt and raise an endowment fund. Dr. D. K. Pearsons, of Chicago, has offered to build the college and hall, at a cost of $50,000, provided the friends of the institution paid off its debt and raised an endowment of $100,000. In order to do this the trustees have issued the following pledge, which they are soliciting people all over the state to sign, "In order to enable the trustees of Yankton College to secure the conditional gift of $50,000 from Dr. D. K. Pearsons. I hereby agree to put in during next season——acres of——for Yankton College. I further agree to sell this grain as soon as I can conveniently do so, and to pay over the proceeds to such person as the trustees may designate to receive the same." Accompanying this form is a brief history of the institution, from which it appears that Yankton College was the first institution for higher education established in the Dakotas. It is now ten years old. It has accumulated property to the value of $130,000, but in maintaining itself and erecting its two buildings, it has incurred an indebtedness of $40,000.

A horse ran away with a buggy the other day, and smashed the window of a bank in Akron, Ohio. The story of the broken window circulated from mouth to mouth and presently, after the manner of the crow story, it became a broken bank. Nothing was needed. By twelve o'clock that day there were hundreds of money-mad and frenzied men and women around that bank scrambling to withdraw their deposits. The broken plate-glass window only served to increase their excitement, and all attempts by the bank officials to explain the situation were howled down. By the closing hour in the afternoon thousands of dollars had been drained from the vaults of the bank, and, but for other banks coming to the assistance of the unfortunate institution that night by distributing circulars around the city telling depositors that they (the other banks) would cash all checks, properly certified, on the bank with the broken-plate window, the run would have continued the next day and resulted in "busting" the bank, for there is no institution that can withstand a run without a warning.

"I was recently in Japan," says an American, "and I met there several American and German doctors who were getting rich by straightening the slant in the Japanese eye to make it look like the beloved Caucasian's optic. The Japanese, you know, show the traces to their Mongolian origin more plainly in the shape of their eyelids than in the color of their skin, and those who can afford it are ridding themselves of this unmistakable evidence of their despised ancestry by submitting to a simple and comparatively painless surgical operation, which consists in the surgeon slitting the outer rim of the eyelids in a straight line for the barest infinitesimal part of an inch. The wound is then covered with a thin piece of chemically-prepared sticking-plaster, the faithful subject of the Mikado goes on about his business as if nothing had happened, and in a few days the wound is healed and he looks on his envious fellows through lids as straight as the American's."

One of the most ingenious specimens of woodwork made in this or any other country is the work of William Kelly, of Lenox, Mass., and is called "Sunset." It would be a difficult task for a painter to do it better in oil and colors than Mr. Kelly has in wood. At a distance of three yards the most practised eye cannot distinguish it from a painting, yet, on closer inspection, it is seen to be composed of minute pieces of wood The whole of this most remarkabe work is made up of 115,000 pieces—1,600 pieces to each square inch, each piece being but the one-fortieth of an inch square! The effect of colors is produced by the variety in the hues of the different kinds of woods, as well as in the manner of cutting the pieces, which was sometimes with and sometimes across the grain. There were forty varieties of woods used in the mosaic, and Mr. Kelly worked seven years in completing it.

According to the statement of a well-known railway official, a fast express which was recently put in operation "is the best paying passenger train in the country." This remarks, the New York Tribune, is good news for all who believe that better time can be made on our railways with safety. Where one road leads the way successfully the others are bound to follow; and when it is shown that faster trains pay well faster trains will be in order everywhere. Thousands of travellers would be willing to pay a higher fare for the sake of saving a few hours' time in a long journey. Safety can be made to go hand in hand with speed. In fact, it is asserted on high authority that no accident to a fast train has been due to nigh speed alone or mainly.

There is a curious lake in Hungary, known as the Neusi dler See, sixteen miles long and six miles wide in its broadest part, which has no tributaries, but derives all its water from the rainfall that drops into it. It is a very large lake to be supported wholly this way. There are no mountains very near it, but it occupies a slight depression in an almost level plain. Once in a while the lake has dried up, and within the past two years it has lost half of its water, and now its depth is only three feet. The Hungarian Government has decided to do away with this lake, and has commenced to dig a canal by which the precipitation will hereafter be drained away from the lake bed. Some thousands of acres of rich farming land will thus be obtained.

The immense hospital Lariboisiere, at Paris, France, is reported to have been made almost uninhabitable by immense numbers of rats infesting the building. A patient that had been at the hospital writes to a paper: "A fortnight ago a rat jumped at the throat of a patient in the Ambroise-Pare hall during the night. Poison was laid, and a few days later a terrible odor filled the whole place. The floors had to be taken up and dead rats by the hundreds were taken out. The hospital authorities made a contract with a professional rat catcher, who started operations at once. But little relief has as yet come to the institution. The warden of the place told a reporter that the hospital authorities did all they could to obtain relief, but as yet prospects were rather gloomy."

The Judge of Belgaum, India, had recently before him a case in which a man was charged with the murder of a child for its bracelets and anklets, which were of cheap silver and worth about twenty rupees. The murderer had pawned them for four rupees. The evidence as to his guilt was overwhelming; indeed, he did not deny the charge, but pleaded that he committed the crime under the impulse of a pain in the stomach, and he went so far as to ask that that organ should be opened in order that the truth of the allegation might be clearly demonstrated. The judge, however, declined to have the operation performed, found the prisoner guilty and sentenced him to death. The sentence was confirmed in the usual way before the high court of Bombay.

H. H. Grimshaw is a queer old Englishman who runs a hotel at Paola, Kan. At each mealtime he appears at the head of a wonderfully long table and assigns his guests to seats at his right and left. He wears a monstrous white apron, and, standing, gets a reign of silence by a rap of the handle of a huge carving knife on the table. Then he says grace, asking the blessing in a tremulous voice that makes the wildest think a little. Then he carves. He can call each guest by name from seeing them register, and he asks them what portion of fowl they prefer. It is refreshing after ordinary hotel life.

The debt of the world on June 1, 1890, deducting the sinking fund, is put down at $30,000,000,000. This gives a per capita debt of the people of the civilized world of $32.35 for each individual. The National debt of the United States is $891,960,104; which makes the per capita indebtness $14.24, or only about two-fifths as much as the average for the entire world. Another gratifying feature is in the fact that the per capita of our National debt now is less than one-half of what it was a short decade ago. In 1880 the per capita of our National debt was $38.33; in 1890 it was $14.24.

Two or three weeks ago, according to the Gastonia, (N. C.,) Gazette, Jack White's boys brought home two baby flying squirrels. Mrs. White directed the boys to give them to the cat. It so happened that the cat at the time had a nest of little kittens. The boys put the squirrels in the nest with the kittens and they are with them yet. The squirrels boarded right along with the kittens in peace and unity, the old cat concurring. They have grown and flourished on their diet and are shy of surroundings only when frightened by unusual noise.

A committee of the English house of commons in the course of an inquiry regarding the hours of work in shops has discovered cases in which shop assistants, or clerks, as we should call them, are compelled to labor ninety-four hours a week, or nearly sixteen hours a day, six days in the week. The average working hours in the shops of the poorer districts are about eighty-four a week, and this at excessively low wages and under the most unsanitary conditions.

Mrs. Morton Andrews of Tariffville, Conn., captured a tremendous hen hawk in a peculiar manner. Her canary bird was kept in a cage near the window, and, the window being clear, the hawk saw the bird. He made a dash for it, smashed the glass and missed the cage. It was so stunned that Mrs. Andrews had time to recover from her fright and throw a blanket over the hawk and hold it until she could get a cage to put him in.

With 300,000 Russian troops quartered in Poland and more on the way to the frontier, the European war cloud appears to be in better shape than for several years past.

RELIABLE RECIPES.

Cooking Cabbage.—Almost every one likes cauliflower if it is properly cooked, while few admit a fondness for cabbage. Yet it belongs to the same family, and can be made to taste much like cauliflower. It should be first parboiled for ten minutes, in a kettle of salted water; then drained and cooled, and again put in fresh water and cooked until tender. Served with a cream sauce in the same way that we have cauliflower or asparagus sent to the table, it is delicious. We cannot free ourselves too soon of the idea that this vegetable must be boiled with corned beef and eaten with vinegar.

Chicken and Mutten Broths.—Here are two receipts for chicken and mutton broth for invalids. For the former cut a young fowl into four parts, wash these well in cold water, and put the pieces in a stewpan with one quart of water and a little salt. Let it boil on the stove, skim it well and then add the heart of a cabbage. Boil the broth for an hour if the chicken is tender, but proportionately longer if it is tough, and then strain into a basin.

For mutton broth take three pounds of the scrag-end of a neck of very fresh mutton; cut it up in several pieces, wash them in cold water and put them in a saucepan with a quart of water; place it on the fire to boil; skim and add a couple of turnips cut into slices, a little parsley and a little salt; let it boil slowly for an hour and a half, skim off the fat from the surface, strain through a fine sieve into a pitcher and keep for use.

Remains of a Huge Animal.

Some weeks ago, says an Irish contemporary, the workmen who are at present engaged in making the necessary excavations on the County Antrim side of the river for the new deep-water branch dock for the Harbor Commissioners found the greater portion of the skull of a large animal, which has been identified beyond all doubts by experts as that of the gigantic Irish deer (Cervus giganteus). It is evidently part of a remarkably fine head, being equal in size to the largest specimens in the Kildare Street Museum, Dublin.

This interesting discovery was made in a stratum of peat about 3 feet in thickness, and at a depth of 24 feet below harbor datum—that is 23 feet below ordinary low water level in the River Lagan, which is close by. It lay, therefore, not less than 34 feet from the present natural surface of the ground. This stratum of peat was also found on the County Down side of the river when the Alexandra Graving dock was being constructed a few years ago.

It may be of some interest to note the curious variety of strata found in these docks. Commencing at the bottom there is the bowlder clay, then fine red sand, then gray sand, next the thin layer of peat, in which the skull was found, then another thin layer of estuarine clay, in which upward of fifteen varities of fossils have been found, then a thin bed of yellow sand, and top of all a bed of clay and sand of recent formation.—[Pall Mall Budget.

Transmitting Your Autograph.

M. Marc Halleiot, the celebrated electrician who exhibited so many electric marvels at the late Paris Exposition, is making arrangements to put one of his telautograph machines before the public at Chicago in 1893. The machine that will be shown at the great Columbian Fair is reckoned as a wonder, even by electrical experts, who ought to know what cusiosities in that line really are. The invention is said to be an offshoot or outgrowth of a similar machine invented by our Edison five or six years ago. With a well-regulated little instrument of the character named one can sign a check or other document, although he be a hundred or a thousand miles from the point where his autograph is desired. The modus operandi is described thus: The writing to be transmitted is first impressed on soft paper with an ordinary stylus This in turn is mounted on a cylinder, which, as it revolves, makes and breaks the electric current by means of the varying depths of the indentations on the paper. At the receiving end of the wire a similar cylinder, moving in accurate synchronism with the other, receives the current on a chemically prepared paper, on which it transcribes the signature in black letters on a white ground.—[St. Louis Republic.

Writing With the Left Hand.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: The number of men who can write legibly with the left hand is very small in this country, where the fact of being ambidexterous is not appreciated at its full worth. Sir Edwin Arnold remarked while in St. Louis that in Japan every child is taught to write with either and both hands, and he hinted that this was not the only evidence of sound common sense he met with while in the kingdom of the Mikado.

I learned to write with my left hand some years ago, in consequence of the impression created in my mind by reading the arguments of Charles Reade on the subject, and now I change my pen from hand to hand on the first impression of weariness.

There have been many remedies suggested for what is known as writer's cramp, and many writers alternate between the pen and the typewriter; but the simplest plan of all is to acquire the art of writing with either hand, and change from one to the other on the first suspicion of fatigue.

It is quite easy for a child to learn to write with the left hand, and although after the muscles have got set with age it is more difficult, almost any man can learn to write with his left hand in a week, and to write about as well with one hand as the other in less than a year.

THE BODY AND ITS HEALTH.

A new Treatment of Hiccoughs—This disagreeable phenomenon is caused by a sudden spasmodic contraction of the diaphragm, producing a brisk jar of the abdominal and thoracic walls, and accompanied by a hoarse and inarticulate sound caused by the tightening and sonorous vibration of the vocal cords.

Up to the present time the treatment of this difficulty has been very uncertain; at one time directed against disorders of the digestive respiratory and other organs on which it seemed to depend, and at another, following merely the symptomatic indication, making an absurd use of tisanes, cupping, bleeding, antispasmodic drugs—in a word, of the so-called resources of empiricism.

In one of the last meetings of the Academie des Sciences de Paris, M. Leloir called attention to a method of treatment by compression of the phrenic nerve to which he had recourse five years ago in the following circumstances:—He was shown a little girl, twelve years of age, who had been hiccoughing incessantly twice a minute for a year. This infirmity interfered with her sleep and with her growth, and had reduced the child to a very poor condition of health. The little patient's father had consulted a large number of physicians, who had in vain prescribed a great variety of forms of treatment. The idea occurred to M. Leloir to use compression of the phrenic nerve at the neck, a little above the inner extremity of the collar bone. The action of the diaphragm depends on this nerve, the section of paralysis of which puts a stop to its contractions. This compression, made with the fingers, was quite painful and lasted three minutes, but at the end of that time the symptom had entirely disappeared and has not occurred again since.

M. Leloir has applied his process a number of times to put a stop to acute or chronic hiccoughs, and has always succeeded by pressing for a few minutes or even for a few seconds on the phrenic nerve at this point. This process is so simple and so practical that it will no doubt find a great many applications.

Care of the Mouth—Among the prominent revelations of the more recent studiesof disease is the fact that so many ailments are derived from without, and are not the direct result of changes that are solely dependent upon primary lesions in organs. Most of the diseases spoken of as specific either originate entirely from without, or have their first declarative evidence when some microphyte from the air enters and settles upon the susceptible part. This generally means that the mouth and throat are the great conduits for the introduction of disease—the one class making their entrance into the digestive, and the other into the pulmonary or breathing apparatus. Beside the recognized contagions of smallpox, scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria, etc., it is now claimed, by good authorities, that pneumonia and many ordinary catarrhs are distinctly communicated from the outer air.

To these the mouth and fauces are related in two ways. If these are in an unhealthy condition they emit fouiness which infects the air and which is especially injurious to those who most directly breathe in the outcoming breath. Next an unhealthy condition of the mouth makes it peculiarly susceptible to disease—bearing particles contained in the outside air, and thus invites the sedation and development of disease. The mouth and throat are made up of a series of marvelous structures. Beside glands for lubrication and for the furnishing of digestive juices, the mucous membrane of the tonsils are filled with crypts and thickly located lymph follicles and abundan-lymphatic and blood vessels, so as to be prepared for an activity of service which almost entitles the tonsils to be called organs.

In addition to the chief tonsils the lymph tissue is so abundantly distributed in other parts of the buccal cavity as to have become designated by different names, such as the agual pharyngeal and discrete tonsil. Dr. Hingston Fox has called all this lymphoid tissue the "nursery for young leucocytes." It is so abundant as to furnish a great outspread surface for absorption, so that we have not only the secretive function of the mucous glands, but an absorption apparatus in most intimate relation to the entire lymphatic and circulatory system.

There is more and more reason to believe that many diseases are local before they are constitutional, and that the implanting and development begins in the tonsils or other parts of the buccal cavity—in other words, that the disease is local in the mouth and throat bafore it invades the system. This is now very fully recognized as to diphtheria and not unlikely is true of most of the contagious diseases. Nor is this beginning accidental. There is not only this local progress and distribution of disease, but the soil is fully prepared by the condition of the mouth structures. It is, therefore, most important that minute attention be given to the mode of breathing and to the condition of the mouth and the breath. First of all remember that the nose and not the mouth is the chief organ for the inbreathing of air.

The nostrils are the avenues, the wind-pipes for the lungs. By their moisture, their minute hairs or cilia and their tortuous course they are admirably fitted to warm and to help to purify the inbreathed air. It is no useless precaution to warn those exposed to concentrated contagion to keep the mouth closed and do all breathing through the nose. Next to this, cleanliness of the mouth is a most important consideration. The sweet, pure breath, and the perfect condition of the mucous membranes, the follicles, the teeth and of the entire buccal cavity is not easy of attainment. In it lodge particles from our food which easily become septic, and to it both from within and without is too often furnished an atmosphere which in its worst forms declares itself as bad breath. The foulness of air and the need of ventilation is not so much because of the carbonic acid in the air as from the organic matter in a mobile or decaying state. Especially where there are assemblages, as in schools and public rooms, the bad breath of a dozen persons is more polluting than that of a hundred whose mouths are in a perfectly healthy and normal condition. Hence we cannot too much insist upon mouth rinsing and frequent cleansing of the breath as indispensable to young and old. Often there is need to add the use of some pleasant disinfectant, as thymol, borax, etc. The subject is a most important one, not only in relation to the health of the individual but to the prevention of disease. It is now well understood by physicians that in those who are exposed to disease we are apparently able sometimes to prevent contagion by early and close attention to the mouth and its secretions. Topical application to the throat and the frequent administration of such substances as the tincture ferri chloridi, quinine, potassium chlorate, etc., are for this purpose.

Thus not only are the exposed surfaces of the mouth and throat protected, but the liability of transmitting disease to others is greatly diminished. The care of the mouth and teeth should be an early subject of instruction in each school. Spitting on the floor or in handkerchiefs is to be avoided, and where there is the least disease all expectoration should be received in a disinfecting solution or burned.

In addition to this, the habit of breathing through the nose is to be insisted upon, as well as the evils of mouth breathing and excessive talking in very cold or damp air.

Now that so much is said as to the prevention of disease by isolation, we are also to study what can be done by systematic cleanliness, and with especial reference to the mouth and its secretions. Children should use the tooth-brush if, for no other reason than that, as a consequence, there is rinsing of the mouth. The use of ordinary borax as a mouth wash is valuable. We believe there is much need of more rigid inquiry into mouth conditions, and that in all schools the subject of mouth care should be impressed upon the pupils.—Independent.

CARVING THE TEA ROOT.

A Curious Industry in Which Many Celestials Are Employed.

For more than a hundred generations there has been a guild of artists in this populous province of Fo-kien whose life-work is the conversion of the gnarled and interlaced roots of the tea tree into things of beauty, that is, beauty from a celestial point of view, says a writer in the Collector. The herb whose leaves gladden western palates in the form of Oolong, Hyson and Souchong, is a hardy plant and takes a firm hold on mother earth. Its roots seem to have no regular law of growth. Sometimes they develop very much as a beard sprouts from the chin; at others they separate and move along parallel lines as if they were a liguose centipede. In general it may be said that they make one large, clumsy mass from which shoot out anywhere from three to thirty rootlets. Their surface is never smooth, but always irregularly corrugated. The value of a root depends upon its size, its outline, its freedom from decay and its suggestiveness of some everyday object. It is rare that a main root or root mass is more than six inches in diameter. Such belong to trees ranging in age from thirty years to a century. Infrequently they attain to twelve and fifteen inches, and are then said by Chinese experts to be 400 and 500 years old.

The roots are dug from the soil and allowed to thoroughly dry in the open air under a shed or else in a moderately warm room. The loose earth is carefully removed, as is the loose bark and all pieces decayed, cracked or wormeaten. The artist then determines what it is to be. The favorite types are dragons, buffaloes, cows, carnivores, bears, mandarins, priests, howling dervishes, dancers or mythic heroes. If the root cannot be worked into one of these shapes it is converted into a pedestal or platform for a figure piece. The primary operation consists in sawing it into rough shape. This is done with a fine crosscut, and the clean edges removed by rubbing them on tiles or bricks. Sometimes a root is bent by softening it with steam or boiling water and then twisting it in any desired direction.

Now comes the hardest task of all. The most valued piece is that which shows no art and seems perfectly natural. The carver goes over the block, removing here a fiber and there a set of roots, here thinning out one on the under side and forcing it down, and there burning another and expanding it at the burned point. I have one in my drawing-room which is a capital figure of a dragon, rearing and opening his jaws as if to spring upon his prey. Careful examination shows that nothing has been added to the mass, but that hundreds of fibers, knots and corrugations have been skillfully removed.

In nearly every instance a human figure made in the same manner or carved from a wood of the same color or else made partly from tea roots and partly from carved wood is added to the first piece. The designs are endless in this field. Learned men lecturing birds, mandarins standing on dragons, boys riding cows and other ridiculous quadrupeds, dancing beggars, men fighting each other, are the commonest groups, but of the more uncommon there are thousands. One famous artist in Foochow claims to have produced, with the aid of his apprentices, over fifty thousand different designs, and, judging from his stock on hand, his claim seems reasonable enough.

The tea-root carvings are seldom very costly, running from 50 cents to $100. Nine-tenths bring less than $2 each. A handsome set of a dozen can be purchased for $20, which will decorate a drawing-room or hall better than bric-a-brac many times more expensive. The figures are strong, durable and in no danger of fracture by Bridget or Ah Sin. Outside of their æsthetic value they are of interest in showing the wonderful ingenuity and economy of our Chinese cousins.

A pneumatic tube connects Paris with Berlin. It is used for postal purposes, and makes it possible for a letter mailed in Paris to be delivered in Berlin in thirty-five minutes. If the tube could be enlarged sufficiently, it might be used by either France or Germany to surprise the other with an army, and so settle the quarrel that has existed between the two nations for so many years.

THEY FOLLOWED COPY.

How a Space Writer Lost a Chance to Try Married Life.

"Horrors! what an obscure hand you write!" said the literary editor to the new space writer as he turned in a bit of poetry. "Oh, it's plain enough," interjected the poet, hastily. "The rhymes and the meter will help the compositor out, and there'll not be the least bit of trouble if they just follow the copy."

And the manuscript went hustling up the tube to the composing-room, says the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*.

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"Sa-ay, what dod-gasted chump has been sendin' in his Chinese laundry bill for copy?" wildly yelled out slug 10, wiping a sudden burst of perspiration from his forehead and glaring at his last take. "I can't make head or tail out of this thing!"

"Well, Chinese or no Chinese," cried the hurrying foreman, "make whatever you can out of it and snag it up in mighty short order, for we're late now."

And the type fairly jumped from the case into the stick.

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"Good Cæsar!" gasped the proof-reader, clutching at his brow. "Are my eyes failing or is this a premonition of nervous prostration?" Then he rubbed his eyes and stared. "By the gods! either I've got the blind staggers or slug 10's on a royal toot!"

At that instant a scream came down the spout: "Rush that proof along for heaven's sake! We're late!"

The proof-reader groaned, galloped down the column, hesitated, and then desperately thrust the slip into the tube, huskily murmuring: "I compared it with the copy and that's as near as I can get to Hebrew these days."

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That night the new space writer hurriedly wrapped up and addressed a copy of the issue without a glance and dropped it into the mail, with this brief note:

"My Onliest Sweet and Dearest Marie: I send you a number of the Sunday supplement containing my little poem. Your face was an ever-present inspiration to me when I wrote and happy thoughts of you inspired every sentence. Here you will find expressed what I have ever felt toward you, but have hardly dared to voice before. Till death, etc."

Miss Marie Cortland Van Clifton granced through the tender note, blushed with pleasure, and, hurriedly, opening the paper, read:

TO MARIE.

When the breeze from the bluebottle's blustering blim
Twirls the toads in a tooroomaloo,
And the whiskery whine of the wheedlesome whim
Drowns the roll of the rattatatto,
Then I dream in the shade of the shally-go-shee,
And the voice of the bally-mo-lay
Brings the smell of the stale poppy-cods blummered in blie
From the willy-wad over the way.
Ah, the shuddering shoe and the blinkety-blanks
When the punglung falls from the borgh,
In the blast of a hurricane's hickety-hanks
Over the hills of the hocketty-how!
Give the rigmarole to the clangery-wang
If they care for such fiddle-de-dee;
But the thingumbob kiss of the wangery-bang
Keeps the higgledy-piggle for me.

L' ENVOI.

It is pilly-po-doddle and aligobung
When the lollypop covers the ground,
Yet the polddiddle perishes plunkety-pung
When the heart ji nmy-coggles around.
If the soul can not stoop at the gigglesome cart
Seeking surcease in the gluggety-glug,
It is useless to say to the pulsating heart:
"Yankee-doodle kor-chuggety-chug!"

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The new space writer and Miss Marie Cortlandt Van Clifton are non engaged now.

Indian Ration-Drawing.

To any one who has never witnessed the distribution of rations at an Indian agency the performance is remarkably interesting. The Government building is ordinarily a barn-like structure, surrounded by a platform, on which the squaws form in line, each with her ticket. As they pass through a door, in single file, a clerk looks at each woman's card and shouts the number of rations to which she is entitled.

Supposing that there are three in the family, she is entitled to twenty-one retions for the week, of course. Her card shows that, and every time it is presented the clerk punches it once. After it has been punched fifty-two times, being good for one year, it is exhausted, says the Boston Transcript.

The squaw passes on to another clerk who distributes corn. He has a number of scoops of different sizes, each holding so many rations. The amount of corn due the woman he promptly dumps in her shawl, tied up for temporary use as a receptacle. She then passes to yet another clerk, who gives her the flour or sugar due her, and so on until she has portion of everything, when she passes out at a door on the other side.

Usually the squaws employ the corner of their shawls to hold the various kinds of provender, but at some agencies they obliged by regulation to bring sacks for the flour.

Counting Dust Motes.—Who would think that science could devise an apparatus or instrument for counting the number of dust motes that dance in a bar of sunlight? No one would imagine that such an unheard feat could be carried out with any degree of accuracy; but, if we are to believe official reports, that and much more has recently been accomplished by the microscopists. At the Ben Nevis Observatory, Scotland, an attempt has been made to determine the relative purity of the atmosphere. The maximum number of dust particles in a cubic centimeter of air examined with a high grade microscope at the Ben Nevis Observatory has been found to be 12,862, from a "specimen" examined on March 30, 1891. The minimum is fifty-two particles to the cubic centimeter from an examination made on June 15, 1801. At one time a difference of some thousands of particles was noted within a few hours. Observations were taken at 12 m., and again at 6 p. m. The first showed but 26,785 particles, the last 12,682.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Secret Place of Thunder."

TEXT: "*I answered thee in the secret place of thunder.*"—Psalms lxxxi., 7.

It is past midnight, and two o'clock in the morning, far enough from sunset and sunrise to make the darkness very thick, and the Egyptian army in pursuit of the escaping Israelites are on the bottom of the Red Sea, its waters having been set up on either side in masonry of sapphire, for God can make a wall as solid out of water as out of granite, and the trowels with which these two walls were built were none the less powerful because invisible. Such walls had never before been lifted.

When I saw the waters of the Red Sea rolling through the Suez Canal they were blue and beautiful and flowing like other waters, but to-night, as the Egyptians look up to them built into walls, now on one side and now on the other, they must have been frowning waters, for it was probable that the same power that lifted them up might suddenly fling them prostrate. A great lantern of cloud hung over this chasm between the two walls. The door of that lantern was opened toward the Israelites ahead, giving them light, and the back of the lantern was toward the Egyptians, and it growled and rumbled and jarred with thunder, not thunder like that which cheers the earth after a drought, promising the refeshing shower, but charged and surcharged with threats of doom.

The Egyptian captains lost their presence of mind, and the horses reared and snorted and would not answer to their bits, and the chariot wheels got interlocked and torn off, and the charioteers were hurled headlong, and the Red Sea fell on all the host. The confusing and confounding thunder was in answer to the prayer of the Israelites. With their backs cut by the lash, and their feet bleeding, and their bodies decrepit with the suffering of whole generations, they had asked Almighty God to ensepulcher their Egyptian pursuers in one great sarcophagus, and the splash and the roar of the Red Sea as it dropped to its natural bed were only the shutting of the sarcophagus on a dead host. That is the meaning of the text when God says, "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder."

Now thunder, all up and down the Bible, is the symbol of power. The Egyptian plague of hail was accompanied with this full diapason of the heavens. While Samuel and his men were making a burnt offering of a lamb, and the Philistines were about to attack them, it was by terrorizing thunder they were discomfited. Job, who was a combination of the Dantesque and the Miltonic, was solomnized on this reverberation of the heavens, and cried, "The thunder of His power, who can understand?" and he challenges the universe by saying, "Canst thou thunder with a voice like Him?" and he throws Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" into the shade by the Bible photograph of a war-horse, when he describes his neck as "clothed with thunder." Because of the power of James and John, they were called "the sons of thunder." The law given on the basaltic crags of Mount Sinai was emphasized with this cloudy ebullition. The skies all around about St. John at Patmos were full of the thunder of war, and the thunder of Christly triumph, and the thunder of resurrection, and the thunder of eternity.

But when my text says, "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder," it suggest there is some mystery about the thunder. To the ancients the cause of this bombarding the earth with loud sound must have been more of a mystery than it is to us. The lightnings, which were to them wild monsters ranging through the skies, in our time have been domesticated. We harness electricity to vehicles and we cage it in lamps, and every schoolboy knows something about the fact that it is the passage of electricity from cloud to cloud that makes the heavenly racket which we call thunder. But, after all that chemistry has taught the world, there are mysteries about the skyey resonance and my text, true in the time of the Psalmist, is true now and always will be true, that there is some secret about the place of thunder.

To one thing known about the thunder there are a hundred things not known. After all the scientific batteries have been doing their work for a thousand years to come and learned men have discoursed to the utmost about atmospheric electricity and magnetic electricity and galvanic electricity and thermotic electricity and frictional electricity and positive electricity and negative electricity my text will be as suggestive as it is to-day, when it speaks of the secret place of thunder.

Now right along by a natural law there is always a spiritual law, as there is a secret place of moral thunder. In other words, the religious power that you see abroad in the church in the world has a hiding place, and in many cases it is never discovered at all. I will use a similitude. I can give only a dim outline of a particular case, for many of the remarkable circumstances I have forgotten. Many years ago there was a large church. It was characterized by strange and unaccountable conversions. There were no great revivals, but individual cases of spiritual arrest and transformation.

A young man sat in one of the front pews. He was a graduate of Yale, brilliant as the north star and notoriously dissolute. Everybody knew him and liked him for his geniality, but deplored his moral errantry. To please his parents he was every Sabbath morning in church. One day there was a ringing of the door-bell of the pastor of that church, and that young man, whelmed with repentance, implored prayer and advice, and passed into complete reformation of heart and life. All the neighborhood was astonished and asked, "Why was this?" His father and mother had said nothing to him about his soul's welfare.

On another aisle of the same church sat an old miser. He paid his pew rent, but was hard on the poor, and had no interest in any philanthropy. Piles of money! And people said, "What a struggle he will have when he quits this life to part with his bonds and mortgages." One day he wrote to his minister: "Please to call immediately. I have a matter of great importance about which I want to see you." When the pastor came in the man could not speak for emotion, but after awhile he gathered self control enough to say: "I have lived for this world too long. I want to know if you think I can be saved, and, if so, I wish you would tell me how." Upon his soul the light soon dawned, and the old miser, not only revolutionized in heart but in life, began to scatter benefactions, and toward all the great charities of the day he became a cheerful and bountiful almoner. What was the cause of this change? everybody asked, and no one was capable of giving an intelligent answer.

In another part of the church sat, Sabbath by Sabbath, a beautiful and talented woman, who was a great society leader. She went to church because that was a respectable thing to do, and in the neighborhood where she lived it was hardly respectable not to go. Worldly was she to the last degree, and all her family worldly. She had at her house the finest germans that were ever danced, and the costliest favors that were ever given, and though she attended church she never liked to hear any story of pathos, and as to religious emotion of any kind, she thought it positively vulgar. Wines, cards, theaters, rounds of costly gayety were to her the highest satisfaction.

One day a neighbor sent in a visiting card, and this lady came down the stairs in tears and told the whole story of how she had not slept for several nights, and she feared she was going to lose her soul, and she wondered if some one would not come around and pray with her. From that time her entire demeanor was changed, and though she was not called upon to sacrifice any of her amenities of life, she consecrated her beauty, her social position, her family, her all to God and the church and usefulness. Everybody said in regard to her, "Have you noticed the change, and what in the world caused it?" and no one could make satisfactory explanation.

In the course of two years, though there was no general awakening in that church, many such isolated cases of such unexpected and unaccountable conversions took place. The very people whom no one thought would be affected by such considerations were converted. The pastor and the officers of the church were on the lookout for the solution of this religious phenomenon. "Where is it," they said, "and who is it and what is it?" At last the discovery was made and all was explained. A poor old Christian woman standing in the vestibule of the church one Sunday morning, trying to get her breath again before she went up stairs to the gallery, heard the inquiry and told the secret.

For years she had been in the habit of concentrating all her prayers for particular persons in that church. She would see some man or some woman present, and, though she might not know the person's name, she would pray for that person until he or she was converted to God. All her prayers were for that one person—just that one. She waited and waited for communion days to see when the candidates for membership stood up whether her prayers had been effectual. It turned out that these marvelous instances of conversion were the result of that old woman's prayers as she sat in the gallery Sabbath by Sabbath, bent and wizened and poor and unnoticed.

A little cloud of consecrated humanity hovering in the galleries. That was the secret place of the thunder. There is some hidden, unknown, mysterious source of almost all the moral and religious power demonstrated. Not one out of a million—not one out of ten million—prayers ever strikes a human ear. On public occasions a minister of religion voices the supplications of an assemblaze, but the prayers of all the congregation are in silence. There is not a second in a century when prayers are not ascending, but myriads of them are not even as loud as a whisper, for God hears a thought as plainly as a vocalization. That silence of supplication—hemispheric and perpetual—is the secret place of thunder.

In the winter of 1875 we were worshiping in the Brooklin Academy of Music in the interregnum of churches. We had the usual great audiences, but I was oppressed beyond measure by the fact that conversions were not more numerous. One Tuesday I invited to my house five old, consecrated Christian men—all of them gone now, except Father Pearson, and he, in blindness and old age, waiting for the Master's call to come up higher.

These old men came, not knowing why I had invited them. I took them to the top room of my house. I said to them: "I have called you here for special prayer. I am in an agony for a great turning to God of the people. We have vast multitudes in attendance and they are attentive and respectful, but I cannot see that they are saved. Let us kneel down and each one pray and not leave this room until we are all assured that the blessing will come and has come." It was a most intense crying unto God. I said, "Brethren, let this meeting be a secret," and they said it would be. That Tuesday night special service ended.

On the following Friday night occurred the usual prayer meeting. No one knew of what had occurred on Tuesday night, but the meeting was unusually thronged. Men accustomed to pray in public in great composure broke down under emotion. The people were in tears. There were sobs and silences and solemnities of such unusual power that the worshipers looked into each other's faces, as much as to say, "What does all this mean?" And when the following Sabbath came, although we were in a secular place, over four hundred arose for prayers, and a religious awakening took place that made that winter memorable for time and for eternity. There may be in this building many who were brought to God during that great ingathering, but few of them know that the upper room in my house on Quincy street, where those five old Christian men poured out their souls before God, was the secret place of thunder.

The day will come—God hasten it—when people will find out the velocity, the majesty, the multipotence of prayer. We brag about our limited express trains which put us down a thousand miles away in twenty-four hours, but here is something by which in a moment we may confront people five thousand miles away. We brag about our telephones, but here is something that beats the telephone in utterance and reply, for God says, "Before they call, I will hear." We brag about the phonograph, in which a man can speak, and his words and the tones of his voice can be kept for ages, and by the turning of a crank the words may come forth upon the ears of another century, but prayer allows us to speak words into the ears of everlasting remembrance, and on the other side of all eternities they will be heard. Oh, ye who are wasting your breath, and wasting your brains, and wasting your nerves, and wasting your lungs wishing for this good and that good for the church and the world, why do you not go into the secret place of thunder.

"But," says some one, "that is a beautiful theory, yet it does not work in my case, for I am in a cloud of trouble, or a cloud of sickness, or a cloud of persecution, or a cloud of poverty, or a cloud of bereavement, or a cloud of perplexity." How glad I am that you told me that. That is exactly the place to which my text refers. It was from a cloud that God answered Israel—the cloud over the chasm cut through the Red Sea—the cloud that was light to the Israelites and darkness to the Egyptians. It was from a cloud, a tremendous cloud, that God made reply. It was a cloud that was the secret place of thunder. So you cannot get away from the consolation of my text by talking that way. Let all the people under a cloud hear it. "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder."

This subject helps me to explain some things you have not understood about men and women, and there are multitudes of them, and the multitude is multiplying by the minute. Many of them have not a superabundance of education. If you had their brain in a post-mortem examination, and you could weigh it, it would not weigh any heavier than the average. They have not anything especially impressive in personal appearance. They are not very fluent of tongue. They pretend to nothing unusual in mental faculty or social influence, but you feel their power; you are elevated in their presence; you are a better man or a better woman, having confronted them. You know that in intellectual endowment you are their superior, while in the matter of moral and religious influence they are vastly your superior. Why is this?

To find the revelation of this secret you must go back thirty or forty or perhaps sixty years to the homestead where this man was brought up. It is a winter morning, and the tallow candle is lighted, and the fires are kindled, sometimes the shavings hardly enough to start the wood. The mother is preparing the breakfast, the blue edged dishes are on the table, and the lid of the kettle on the hearth begins to rattle with the steam, and the shadow of the industrious woman by the flickering flame on the hearth is moved up and down the wall. The father is at the barn feeding the stock—the oats thrown into the horses' bin and the cattle craunching the corn. The children, earlier than they would like and after being called twice, are gathered at the table.

The blessing of God is asked on the food, and, the meal over, the family Bible is put upon the white tablecloth and a chapter is read and a prayer made, which includes all the interests for this world and the next. The children pay not much attention to the prayer, for it is about the same thing day after day, but it puts upon them an impression that ten thousand years will only make more vivid and tremendous. As long as the old folks live their prayer is for their children and their children's children. Day in and day out, month in and month out, year in and year out, decade in and decade out the sons and daughters of that family are remembered in earnest prayer, and they know it, and they feel it, and they cannot get away from it.

Two funerals after awhile—not more than two years apart, for it is seldom that there is more than that lapse of time between father's going and mother's going—two funerals put out of sight the old folks. But where are the children? The daughters are in homes where they are incarnations of good sense, industry and piety. The sons, perhaps one a farmer, another a merchant, another a mechanic, another a minister of the Gospel, useful, consistent, admired, honored. What a power for good those seven sons and daughters! Where did they get the power? From the schools, and the seminaries, and the colleges? Oh, no, though these may have helped. From their superior mental endowment? No, I do not think they had unusual mental caliber. From accidental circumstances? No, they had nothing of what is called astounding good luck.

I think we will take a train and ride to the depot nearest to the homestead from which those men and women started. The train halts. Let us stop a few minutes at the village graveyard and see the tombstones of the parents. Yes, the one was seventy-four years of age and the other was seventy-two, and the epitaph says that "after a useful life they died a Christian death." How appropriately the Scripture passage cut on the mother's tombstone, "She hath done what she could." And how beautiful the passage cut on the father's tombstone, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

On over the country road we ride—the road a little rough, for the spring weather is not quite settled, and once down in a rut it is hard to get the wheels out again without breaking the shafts. But at last we come to the lane in front of the farmhouse. Let me get out of the wagon and open the gate while you drive through. Here is the arbor under which those boys and girls many years ago used to play. But it is quite out of order now, for the property is in other hands. Yonder is the orchard where they used to thrash the trees for apples, sometimes before they were quite ripe. There is now where they hunted for eggs before Easter. There is the doorsill upon which they used to sit. There is the room in which they had family prayers and where they all knelt—the father there, the mother there and the boys and girls there.

We have got to the fountain of pious and gracious influences at last. That is the place that decided those seven earthly and immortal destinies. Behold! Behold! That is the secret place of thunder. Boys are seldom more than their fathers will let them be. Girls are seldom more than their mothers will let them be. But there come times when it seems that parents cannot control their children. There come times in a boy's life when he thinks he knows more than his father does, and I remember now that I knew more at fifteen years of age than I have ever known since.

There come times in a girl's life when she thinks her mother is notional and does not understand what is proper and best, and the sweet child says, "Oh, pshaw!" and she longs for the time when she will not have to be dictated to, and she goes out of the door or goes to bed with pouting lips, and these mothers remember for themselves that they knew more at fourteen years of age than they have ever known since. But, father and mother, do not think you have lost your influence over your child. You have a resource of prayer that puts the sympathetic and omnipotent God into your parental undertaking. Do not waste your time in reading flimsy books about the best ways to bring up children. Go into the secret place of thunder.

At nine o'clock Wednesday morning, June 15 next, on the steamer City of New York, I expect to sail for Liverpool, to be gone until September. It is in acceptance of many invitations that I am going on a preaching tour. I expect to devote my time to preaching the Gospel in England, Scotland, Ireland and Sweden. I want to see how many souls I can gather for the kingdom of God. Those countries have for many years belonged to my parish, and I go to speak to them and shake hands with them. I want to visit more thoroughly than before those regions from which my ancestors came, Wales and Scotland.

But who is sufficient for the work I undertake? I call upon you who have long been my coadjutors to go into the secret place of the Almighty, and every day from now until my work is done on the other side of the sea, to have me in your prayers. In proportion to the intensity and continuance and faith of the prayers, yours and mine, will be the results. If you remember me in the devotional circle, that will be well, but what I most want is your importuning, your wrestling supplication in the secret place of thunder.

God and you alone may make me the humble instrumentality in the redemption of thousands of souls. I shall preach in churches, in chapels and in the fields. I will make it a campaign for God and eternity, and I hope to get during this absence a baptism of power that will make me of more service to you when I return than I ever yet have been. For, brethren and sisters in Christ, our opportunity for usefulness will soon be gone, and we shall have our faces uplifted to the throne of judgment, before which we must give account. That day there will be no secret place of thunder, for all the thunders will be out. There will be the thunder of the tumbling rocks. There will be the thunder of the bursting waves. There will be the thunder of the descending chariots. There will be the thunder of the parting heavens. Boom! Boom!

But all that dim and uproar and crash will find us unaffrighted, and I will leave us undismayed if we have made Christ our confidence, and as after an August shower, when the whole heavens have been an unlimbered battery cannonading the earth, the fields are more green, and the sunrise is the more radiant, and the waters are more opaline, so the thunders of the last day will make the trees of life appear more emerald, and the carbuncle of the wall more crimson, and the sapphire seas the more shimmering, and the sunrise of eternal gladness the more empurpled. The thunders of dissolving nature will be followed by a celestial psalmody the sound of which St. John on Patmos described, when he said, "I heard a voice like the voice of mighty thundering!" Amen!

Escaped a Cloud Burst.

Cab Lee, of the Amargosa Valley, tells of sleeping near the mouth of Furnace Creek canon one night years ago with a bug hunter, as the desert-tramping scientists are called in camp. It was so hot that the bug hunter could not sleep. About midnight he heard a roaring noise up the canon, which, as it increased in volume, caused him to look up that way. To his surprise he saw, as he supposed, the sky that appeared between the canon walls grow suddenly white. At that moment Lee rolled over and the bug hunter asked him what ailed the sky. Lee gave one glance, and then yelled:

"Cloud burst! Climb!"

They scrambled up the steep wall just in time to save their lives. Lee thinks that the foaming wall of water that had whitened the sky was not less than 100 feet high.—Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

Prohibiting Marriage.

The provisional diet of Styria in Austria has taken a very curious step backward in the direction of medieval legislation by the passage of a law prohibiting indigent people to marry without a license to be issued by the authorities, which means that no licenses shall be granted to the poor.—Chicago Herald.

THE RUBBER OF COMMERCE.

How It Is Gathered and Prepared for the Markets of the World.

Central and South America supply the bulk of the crude rubber shipped to the various markets of the world. Brazil especially is the territory upon which the commercial world relies, and throughout the entire Amazon region are many valuable rubber swamps. Unfortunately the reckless manner in which the trees are tapped tends to destroy their vitality and fears are well grounded that the rubber product will soon be restricted to half of what it is at present. The trees are tapped by gashes being cut in the bark by hatchets. If the cut penetrates the wood the tree is doomed to die, otherwise it will continue yielding for thirty or forty years. Through the recklessness of the natives in tapping the trees many valuable rubber swamps have been partially ruined and the same extravagant system is being introduced into new regions.

The rubber trees of the Amazon valley grow spontaneously and need no care. As many as 537 will flourish on an acre. In yield fifteen kilos of rubber can be extracted from them daily for four or five months—an average of between $400 and $500. When the trees are tapped a milk flows from the incision and is caught in a small tin vessel. This, when collected in large quantities, is coagulated. For this purpose the rubber gatherer has a jug-shaped furnace, made of earthenware, called a boiao, open at the bottom and top, and with a small aperture at the side to admit the air for the combustion. In this piece of furniture he builds a fire. The dense black smoke which rolls from the open top of the boiao is the re-agent which coagulates the milk. For this purpose the rubber gatherer has a circular-bladed paddle, like the paddle of a canoe, which he smears over with clay so that the rubber will not adhere to it. This is suspended by means of a cord from the limb of a tree just above the smudge. The milk is poured over the blade of the paddle, which is then turned over and round about in the smoke, and in a few moments the film of rubber is coagulated. The same process is repeated of wetting with milk and smoking the growing lump until it reaches the weight of from five to twenty-five kilos or more. Then it is slipped off from the paddle as a mitten is pulled off from one's hand. This ball is the crude rubber of commerce.

A Plant Growing from a Caterpillar.

The curious fungus which is sometimes taken for an insect is a fungus that roots itself in a caterpillar and grows from it, feeding on the body of the insect. Of course in time the insect dies, and the fungus then perishes as soon as it has exhausted the nutriment in the body of the caterpillar. The plant is of the same nature as a mushroom, and when it matures it produces spores by which new plants are propagated in the same way, attaching themselves to any insect that comes in contact with them in the soil. These curious plants are used as medicine by the natives of some parts of Asia, where they are found quite abundantly. The plant, when dug out of the ground, has the exhausted and dried body of the insect attached to it in the manner of a root, but it is easily distinguished by its shape. The insect is filled with the substance of the fungus and appears as a part of the plant. A variety of beetle that is found in North America is attacked by the same kind of fungus; others are in Central America, and others in New Zealand. In the last-mentioned country the fungus is very large and has all the appearance of a mushroom which is eaten as food by the natives.

Bird Surgery.

Some interesting observations relating to the surgical treatment of wounds by birds were recently brought by M. Fatio before the Physical Society of Geneva. According to the Medical Review, he quoted the case of a snipe which he had often observed engaged in repairing damages. With its beak and feathers it makes a very creditable dressing, applying plasters to bleeding wounds, and even securing a broken limb by means of a stout ligature. On one occasion he killed a snipe which had on the chest a large dressing composed of down taken from other parts of the body and securely fixed to the wound by the coagulated blood. Twice he had brought home snipe with interwoven feathers strapped on the site of fracture of one or other limb.

"English as She Is Spoke."

In a Hartford clothing store window a placard recently appeared reading: "Any pant in this window, $2." But a still more absurd use of this ignoble word is reported from Buffalo, where a merchant announces: "Any pantsing in this window, $5."

Mrs. William Lohr,

Of Freeport, Ill., began to fail rapidly, lost all appetite and got into a serious condition from Dyspepsia. She could not eat vegetables or meat, and even toast distressed her. Had to give up housework. In a week after taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

She felt a little better. Could keep more food on her stomach and grew stronger. She took 3 bottles, has a good appetite, **gained 22 lbs.**, does her work easily, is now in perfect health.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills. They assist digestion and cure headache.

Dissipated Centenarian.

Daniel Lilly, a tailor, who was reputed to be 106 years old, died at Waterdown, a village near Hamilton, Ont. His exact age is not a matter of record, but it is thought that he was very near the age stated. He was born in Ireland. His mind was bright and active to the time of his death, but he had withered to a shadow and had not worked for many years. He had used both tobacco and whisky.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

There are 106 boys born to every 100 girls, but more boys die in infancy than girls.

MANY persons are broken down from overwork or household cares. Brown's Iron Bitters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. A splendid tonic for women and children.

Sweden enumerates over 100,000 head of reindeer among her domesticated animals.

"A word to the wise is sufficient," but it is not always wise to say that word to one who is suffering the tortures of a headache. However, always risk it and recommend Bradycrotine. All druggists, fifty cents.

Five-eighths of the bread baked in London, England, is made of American wheat.

LADIES needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take Brown's Iron Bitters. It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints, makes the Blood rich and pure.

Nine young men are about to walk from Americus, Ga., to Chicago, Ill., a distance of 1000 miles by road, on a wager.

SICK HEADACHE, chills, loss of appetite, and all nervous trembling sensations quickly cured by Beecham's Pills, 25 cents a box.

Of two women choose the one that will have you.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
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"German Syrup"

JUDGE J. B. HILL, of the Superior Court, Walker county, Georgia, thinks enough of German Syrup to send us voluntarily a strong letter endorsing it. When men of rank and education thus use and recommend an article, what they say is worth the attention of the public. It is above suspicion. "I have used your German Syrup," he says, "for my Coughs and Colds on the Throat and Lungs. I can recommend it for them as a first-class medicine."—Take no substitute.

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On the road

to health—the consumptive who reasons and thinks. Consumption is developed through the blood. It's a scrofulous affection of the lungs—a blood-taint. Find a perfect remedy for scrofula, in all its forms—something that *purifies* the blood, as well as *claims* to. That, if it's taken in time, will cure Consumption.

Dr. Pierce has found it. It's his "Golden Medical Discovery." As a strength-restorer, blood-cleanser, and flesh-builder, nothing like it is known to medical science. For every form of Scrofula, Bronchial, Throat, and Lung affections, Weak Lungs, Severe Coughs, and kindred ailments, it's the only remedy so sure that it can be *guaranteed*. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back.

"You get well, or you get $500." That's what is promised, in good faith, by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, to sufferers from Catarrh. The worst cases, no matter of how long standing, are permanently cured by this Remedy.

If you have Malaria, Piles, Sick Headache, Costive Bowels, Dumb Ague or if your food does not assimilate,

Tutt's Tiny Pills

will cure these troubles. Dose small. Price, 25c. Office, 39 Park Place, N. Y.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn off. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

LEND YOUR

Best Low-Priced GERMAN DICTIONARY published at the remarkably low price of only $1.00, postpaid. This Book contains 624 finely printed pages of clear type on excellent paper and is handsomely yet serviceably bound in cloth. It gives English words with the German equivalents and pronunciation, and German words with English definitions. It is invaluable to Germans who are not thoroughly familiar with English, or to Americans who wish to learn German. Address, with $1.00,

BOOK PUB. HOUSE, 134 Leonard St., New York City.

BNU 13

PISO'S CURE FOR

Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.

CONSUMPTION.

RIPANS TABULES regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, purify the blood, are safe and effectual. The best general family medicine known for Biliousness, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Foul Breath, Headache, Heartburn, Loss of Appetite, Mental Depression, Painful Digestion, Pimples, Sallow Complexion, Tired Feeling, and every symptom or disease resulting from impure blood, or a failure by the stomach, liver or intestines to perform their proper functions. Persons given to over-eating are benefited by taking a TABULE after each meal. Price, by mail, 1 gross $2; 1 bottle 15c. Address THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., 10 Spruce St., N.Y.

Agents Wanted; EIGHTY per cent profit.

DROPSY Treated FREE.

Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies

Have cured thousands of cases. Cure patients pronounced hopeless by best physicians. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear; in 10 days two thirds of all symptoms removed. Send for free book of testimonials of miraculous cures. 10 days' treatment free by mail. If you order trial, send 5c. in stamps to pay postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

BETTER DEAD

THAN ALIVE.

Dutcher's Fly Killer is certain death. Flies are attracted to it and killed at once. They do not live to get away. Use it freely, destroy their eggs and prevent reproduction. Always ask for Dutcher's and get best results.

FRED'K DUTCHER DRUG CO., St. Albans, Vt.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD.

Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting three boxes of any other brand. Not affected by heat. IF GET THE GENUINE. FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.

WANTED AGENTS

to sell our choice Nursery Stock. Many Fine Specialties to offer; write quick and secure choice of territory. Address

MAY BROTHERS, NURSERYMEN ROCHESTER, N. Y.

PATENTS W. T. Fitzgerald, Washington, D. C. 40-page book free.

LOVELL DIAMOND CYCLES $85

For Ladies and Gents. Six styles in Pneumatic Cushion and Solid Tires.

Diamond Frame. Steel Drop Forgings. Steel Tubing. Adjustable Ball Bearings to all running parts, including Pedals. Suspension Saddle.

Strictly HIGH GRADE in Every Particular.

Send 6 cents in stamps for our 100-page illustrated catalogue of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Sporting Goods, etc.

Bicycle Catalogue FREE.

JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., Mfrs., 147 Washington St., BOSTON, MASS.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. JUNE 9.

RACKET STORE NEWS.

WHEN YU

Are all done talking—age before beauty, U kno—the Racket, a fat and saucy youngster, a little more than 3 years old, has a word to say:

The first day the store was opened the low prices plainly marked on every day necessities were in marked contrast to the price you had been paying for similar or inferior goods.

One Price to All.....

No discrimination, no tricks, no misrepresentation—was another point. Have we faithfully carried this out? We are willing to let U answer.

Still Another Point.....

which we think we have established beyond the shadow of a doubt—is that while the prices asked U are uniformly as low as U can find the same goods anywhere in the United States, the quality is firstclass and up to the standard. This admitted we propose to

Move Forward

—TO A—

Larger Business

: Kom 2 C The Racket :

50,000 lbs. Wool Wanted.

50,000 pounds wool wanted; unwashed preferred. LYON & Co.
21 4t Bellefonte.

PERSONAL.

——Mr. Joe Kelley, of Reedsville, was in town over Sunday.

——Mr. Henry Brockerhoff, of Bellefonte, was in town on Monday.

——Miss Blanche Boal spent several weeks visiting friends in Lock Haven.

——'Squire Herring, of Penn Hall, was in town on Monday on a business trip.

——Mrs. Sarah Harpster spent several days last week with friends at Williamsport.

——Mrs. John Bitner spent a week with her daughter, Mrs. Shadle, at Williamsport.

——Merchant Harry Long, of Spring Mills, made a flying trip to Centre Hall on Saturday.

——Mr. William Camp left on Monday morning for Milroy where he will remain for some time.

——Candidate D. R. Foreman has been circulating through the vicinity the last week or more.

——Ex-Treasurer and Mrs. Goss left Monday for a visit to relatives at Pine Grove Mills and other places.

——Wit McCormick, of Tyrone, was in town Tuesday evening. He returned to Tyrone the next morning.

——Mrs. Jacob Ripka, of this place, has been seriously ill the past two weeks, suffering with rheumatism.

——Simon Dinges returned home on Saturday after an absence of over two weeks in Philadelphia and Annapolis.

——Harry Camp, who has been working at Milroy for some time, spent Sunday with his parents at this place.

——This evening, Thursday, Mr. Archie Allison, formerly of Potters Mills, will be wedded to Miss Rachael Humes, at Bellefonte.

——Editor Joe Furey, of the Lock Haven *Democrat*, who had been seriously ill for some months past, continues to slowly improve.

——Mr. John Hoffman, of Williamsport, and Miss Gertie Spigelmyer, of Bellefonte, were the guests of Miss Beulah Brisbin on Monday.

——Henry Miller spent last week at his home at Millheim, returning on Monday to assume his position as moulder at the foundry under the new firm.

——Mr. Jacob R. Bible, post master and merchant of Potters Mills, was a caller a few days ago at the REPORTER office, while in town on a business trip.

——The Mifflinburg *Telegraph* says Prof. Neff, of Centre county, was in town on Saturday last. He is an applicant for the principalship of our public schools.

——Mr. E. Meixell, representing a patent gate, and Geo. Ruhle, a patent fence, both of Union county are in the vicinity this week declaiming the merits of their respective articles to the farmers.

——Miss Maggie Hannah, teacher of the primary school, departed on Monday evening's train for Gainsville, Missouri, on a visit to friends in that state. She will be absent about three months and will return in time for the opening of the fall term. Master Eddie Bartholomew accompanied Miss Hannah on the trip.

——George Harpster, the ever jolly and first class blacksmith, dropped in for a short chat, on Tuesday morning. He had just returned from Havana, N. Y., where he has been building railroad for the past thirteen months and looks as though life in the Empire state agreed with him.—*Watchman.*

TO CELEBRATE.

CENTRE HALL TO LET THE EAGLE SCREAM ON THE 4TH

A Meeting of Citizens to be Called On Friday Evening to Devise Schemes For the Proper Observance of the Fourth.

An effort will be made by the citizens of Centre Hall to appropriately celebrate Independence Day by a roaring big time, such as has never before taken place in this valley.

It has been several years since the day was appropriately observed in this valley by a large gathering and there is no reason whatever why it could not be successfully done this year in Centre Hall. Several of our citizens have been at different places throughout the valley the past two weeks feeling the public pulse in regard to such a celebration, and everywhere they have received encouragement and promise of assistance in the move which will make the event a success.

To further bring the matter into prominence and put life into the scheme, we are directed to announce that a meeting will be held in 'Squire Boal's office on Friday evening next, to which all are requested to attend to arrange in what manner the day shall be celebrated. Let all turn out and give the movement a boost. We can have a roaring big time on the Fourth.

Committees will be appointed to take the matter in hand and you likely will be called upon to contribute a mite towards expenses incurred. Open and liberal purse strings are what will be hoped for and necessary to make the day a success.

Centre Hall will celebrate and the eagle will make noise enough to be heard outside the state.

Attend the meeting on Friday evening, and give the scheme your aid. It is needed and all should be present.

Bid Their Boy Farewell.

On Monday an affecting scene took place in the cell of Charles Cleary in the county jail, says the Lock Haven *Democrat*. It was the final visit of the young man's parents to bid their son farewell before the latter's departure for the western penitentiary to enter on a life sentence of imprisonment for causing the death of Policeman Paul, in Renova. What the heart aches were on the part of those devoted parents cannot even be imagined. Suffice to say they were nigh unto crushing. Possibly the fact that the son was saved from the gallows alone kept the parents from succumbing. But it was a scene too sad to dwell upon. We draw the curtain.

On Wednesday morning, 1st, Cleary was taken to the Western penitentiary, where he will serve time the balance of his life unless pardoned. When the train stopped in Bellefonte Cleary was seen at one of the car windows and looked a trifle pale. He was fashionably dressed and wore gold eye glasses and yellow kid gloves and was contentedly smoking a cigarette.

IMPROVE THE YARD.

The Commissioners to Have the Court House Yard Improved.

The county commissioners contemplate improving the court house yard. The improvements in view are to cut down adout one-half of the shade trees, as they are entirely too thick and their dense foliage does not allow the sun's rays to penetrate them or even reach the front of the building. The side plots to be soded, and running fountains to be placed in the centre of each. As Bellefonte allows its cow to run at large it would be necessary to build a fence around the same. Nothing definite has as yet, been determined upon.

He Opened the Safe.

On Tuesday a Clearfield locksmith opened the safe in which Robert Taylor, the Philipsburg hotel keeper, had placed his valuables before his death, which occurred nearly two years ago. No one knew the combination and after an hour and a half's hard work the expert shot back the bolts and the door swung open. The books in the safe were covered with green mould and a whole family of spiders held forth with webs of varied sizes. Mr. Taylor's diamonds and watch, together with all his papers, were there intact.

At Meyer's Bazaar.

This week you can see a superb line of ladies ribbed vests, or shirts. Just what is need this hot weather. A splendid 10 center. Fans, our five cent fan beats them all. Scrim, Dotted swiss, imitation China silk, also the genuine silk. Don't miss seeing our Muslin underwear and stockings.
CASH BAZAAR, Bellefonte, Pa,

The Result of the Fire.

Mrs. Orris, the lady who received a paralytic stroke from fright during the recent fire at Milesburg, died on Wednesday morning last at nine o'clock. She leaves a husband and six children.

Boys knee pants, 25 cts to $1.00.
Dress ginghams, 6¾, 7, 7½, 8, 10, 12, 15, 20, 25 and 30 cts.
Light, drab, tans, browns and all the new shades in Bedford Cords from 30 to 75 and 100 cts.
LYON & Co.

HORATIO P. CADWALADER.

A Prominent Citizen of Tyrone and a Former Citizen of this Valley Dies.

Horatio P. Cadwalader died at the home of his son-in-law, John K. Ray, on Washington avenue, Tyrone, last Saturday night, at ten minutes of ten o'clock. He had been unwell for some months, but was only stricken down about two weeks ago, when paralysis of the bowels set in, and for eleven days he was unable to take food of any kind. He was conscious to the last moment of his life, and even informed his son just a few minutes before his demise that he knew he was dying for he felt himself getting cold. There was no scene, no death struggle, but he simply bade those around him a last farewell, closed his eyes, and sweetly slept his life away.

Mr. Cadwalader was born at Potters Mills, Centre county, Penna., seventy-six years ago. His wife preceded him to the tomb some years ago. He had been a very active business man and was connected with some of the largest manufacturing establishments in Pennsylvania. For some years he made Harrisburg his headquarters, but in the later years of his life he resided with his children, in Tyrone. He leaves five children. Mrs. Woods, wife of Dr. Woods, of Chicago; Mrs. John W. Funk, of Red Lands, California; Mrs. John K, Ray, of Tyrone; David R. Cadwalader, conductor on middle division of Pennsylvania railroad, who resides in Harrisburg, and Mrs. James H. Thompson, of Tyrone.

The funeral services were held on Tuesday morning and his body interred in the cemetery at Sprucesown, where his wife is interred. The funeral arrived by train Tuesday afternoon from Tyrone.

Tribute of Respect.

Whereas, It pleased the Almighty to remove from onr midst by death during the latter part of winter, William A., Della M., Cora A., Katie S. Luse, Levi M. Ream, and Ellen Grenninger, earnest, faithful, beloved members of our Sunday school, therefore

Resolved, That whilst bowing to our Heavenly Father, we yet would express much sorrow for the loss of those members in whom not only our Sunday school but the church also has been deprived of active and earnest workers.

Resolved, That to the surviving members of these once happy families, we extend our heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement.

Resolved, That this tribute of respect be recorded in the minutes, that a copy be sent to the bereaved families and that the county papers be requested to publish the same.

G. F. WEAVER.
CHESTIE TIBBENS.
IDA TIBBENS.

Church Dedication.

The church recently erected by the Reformed congregation at Coburn, will be dedicated on the 12th of June at 10 a. m. The dedicatory sermon will be preached by Rev. D. M. Wolf, D. D., of Spring Mills. On Saturday evening previous at 7.45 p. m. James R. Brown, of Rebersburg, will preach, and on Sunday evening at the same hour Rev. S. H. Eisenberg, of Centre Hall will preach. The choir with brass accompaniaments will be under the direction of Mr. Cyrus Moyer and will discourse some fine music. The public is cordially invited to attend.

Prohibitionists' State Convention.

The prohibition state convention held at the academy of music in Scranton, June 1, was an enthusiastic gathering, which included nearly all the leading lights of the party in the state. The following nominations were made: Hon. Amos Briggs, of Philadelphia, for supreme court justice; Rev. J. D. McCroary, of Pittsburg, and Simon B. Chase, of Northampton county, for congressmen-at-large.

Blame it on the Umpire.

Bellefonte and Philipsburg ball clubs played a game at Philipsburg a few days ago, and Bellefonte got downed, now the Bellefonte papers can find no other reason for the defeat than that the umpire roasted them. If the Bellefonte club could play ball the result likely would have been different. The umpire racket is long played out.

A Jail Breaker Caught.

On Saturday evening the police of Bellefonte, after a somewhat hard fight succeded in capturing the notorious Henry Pennington, who, in company with a man named Times, broke jail in Bellefonte about a year ago. A reward of $10 was offered by the sheriff for his recapture.

Strawberry Social.

The ladies of the Reformed church, of this place, will hold a Strawberry Social, in the rooms over Harper & Kreamer's store, June 18th, 1892. Strawberries, Ice cream, Cake, etc., will be served in the most inviting style. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend.

Boys suits, 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 1.75 and 2.00.
Boys finer suits, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00 and 500. LYON & Co.
——Potates wanted. Highest price paid for same.—C. P. Long, Spring Mills.

COBURN.

The Events of a Week Spicily Dished up by Our Correspondent.

Mrs. Elmer E. Cooney is spending a few weeks with her parents who live in Brush valley.

A cow belonging to T. W. Hosterman, our obliging postmaster, was killed on the railroad by the freight train on Monday last.

John Hosterman has taken a large bark peeling contract at Glen Union, for Beecher and Sober, and came home on Saturday in quest of more men.

Adam Kerstetter is at Lindale this week doing some repair work for Thomas Eisenhuth at his house which he recently purchased at that place.

C. P. Long, merchant of Spring Mills, shipped a car load of potatoes from this place last week. They are selling at twenty cents a bushel on track.

L. Moir, our perambulating rag dealer lost a valuable horse last week. The animal in some manner broke one of its legs, and then had to be killed as a consequence.

Penns, Pine and Elk creeks were greatly increased in volume by the recent heavy rain. The temporary bridge across Pine creek, constructed by the Meyer Bros. was carried away by the waters.

Samuel Gray, the boy who was hurt on Decoration day by the explosion of a dynamite cartridge, was taken home to his parents, who live at Watsontown, and is at present in a very precarious condition.

A. J. Campbell spent Sunday at home with his family. He had been to Oxford, Chester county, in company with C. K. Sober, the world renowned trick shot, who gave an exhibition of his skill at that place last week at a fair.

A few weeks ago we had stated that Luther Guisewite had purchased Alexander's timber tract near the tunnel, but such had not been the case. Meyer Bros. have since bought it, and have commenced cutting already. Guisewite however, has purchased 4000 acres in little Sugar Valley, and will move his mill there some time this week. The lumber will be hauled to this station and be shipped from here.

The school directors of Penn township met on Monday last, to have their annual settlemens. The finances of said Board are in good condition, over $200 being in the hands of the newly elected treasurer; although the rate of taxation had been reduced to one and one-half mills during last year. In view of the increased appropriation it is to be hoped that the present board of directors will see fit to remodel some of our school houses, which are in a dilapidated condition, purchase school apparatus, and increase the salaries of their teachers materially.

Half Rates to Chicago via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the benefit of delegates and visitors to the Democratic National Convention at Chicago, on June 21st 1892, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Chicago, from all principal stations on its lines, at a *single fare for the round trip*. The rate from New York is $20.00; Philadelphia, $18.25; Baltimore, $17.00; Washington $17.00, and other stations in proportion. The tickets will be sold from June 16th to 20th, inclusive, and the return coupons will be good to leave Chicago until July 8th, 1892. Tickets will be accepted for passage on the Pennsylvania Limited in either direction in connection with proper extre fare checks.

Married On Sunday.

Last Sunday, at about noon, Rev. Fischer officiated at the ceremony at the Lutheran parsonage at Centre Hall, which united in marriage Mr. J. Frank Smith, of Tusseyville, and Miss Lizzie Hosterman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hosterman, of near Centre Hill. Both bride and groom are well known to all readers of this vicinity, and stand highly in the estimation of their friends. The REPORTER extends congratulations to the newly wedded pair.

Please Take Notice.

Everybody is invited to call at my Carriage shop at Centre Hall, Pa., and inspect my stock of nicely finished buggies, platform spring wagons, road wagons and carts. I use good material in all my work, and you will find my prices reasonable. Repairing a specialty. Ash and Linn lumber taken in exchange for work. Call and examine my work and you will be convinced. Yours Respectfully.
WM. W. BOOB.

Having a Boom.

State College at present is experiencing a building boom. Many workmen are engaged on the new barn and the mechanical art building and about ten or twelve new dwelling houses are in course of erection. If the boom continues we will have the court house removed there and have State College made the county seat.

The best wearing shoe for boys a $1.25 that you have ever seen. The best $1.25 shoe for men, in the county.
LYON & Co.

The biggest lot of men's working shirts 25 and 50 cents. Dress shirts, 50, 75, 1.00, 1.25, 1.50 and 2.50, at LYON & Co.

A Birthday Party.

On last Friday, May 27, Mr. O. K. Love, of Tusseyvile, reached the fifty-third mile stone in his journey of life. His amiable wife and daughters though it would be pleasant to give him a surprise party. To do this they enlisted friends and neighbors to assist them. Things were all prepared at neighbors houses, and Friday at noon, Mr. Joseph McClellan came in a buggy, and informed Mr. Love that he was to go along to Centre Hall, as they had some business with Squire Boal, that was to be settled that afternoon to which Mr. Love, not knowing anything about the party, consented, and they drove off. No sooner had they started, than relatives, and neighbors, to the number of fifty-two took possession of the house, bringing all kinds of presents with them.

When Mr. Love returned about five o'clock. He was very much surprised to find a large gathering of people at his house. He was so much surprised he hardly knew what to do, but finally concluded the best thing to do was to make the best of it, so he went and shook hands all round. Then supper was announced, and all wended their way merrily to the dining room, and partook heartily of the sumptions feast of good things spread before them. Following is a list of presents received; Mr. John Slack, pair slippers; Miss Arabella Slack, fine shirt and three collars; Mrs. M. Wagner, fine shirt; Mrs. Maggie Barr, pair suspenders; Miss Bertha Love, three pair socks; Mrs. Mary Whithill, fine shirt; Mr. William Boyer, pair silk hose and handkerchief; Mrs. Christ Meyers, outing shirt and spool thread; Mr. and Mrs. William Goheen, two pair linen towels; Margaret and Matthew Goheen, whisk; Harry Frontz, china cup and saucer; Mr. Joseph McClellen, pair fine shoes; Miss Mary McClellen, handkerchief; Mrs. Strom, shirt; Mrs. P. Jordon shirt; Mrs. Swartz, fine straw hat; Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Hartman, shirt; Mrs. Annie Rossman, 25 cents; Mr. David Kerr, one dollar; Miss Anna Love one dollar; Mr. Shadow, one dollar; Mrs. Jacob Wagner, one dollar; Mr. Samuel Swartz, foot rule; Mrs. Susan Fleisher shirt and pair suspenders; Elmer McClellen, shirt.

Injured by his Horse.

Sharon Schwenk met with an accident on Monday by which he was nearly killed. He attempted to ride a fractious horse without a bridle, only having the halter on. The animal became unmanagble in some way and Mr. Schwenk was thrown violently upon the ground and trampled nearly to death, his right arm being broken at two places and his face, neck and breast horribly bruised.—Sugar Valley *Journal.*

Have Organized a Board of Trade.

Lewisburg that staid old town which has been in a state of innocuous desuetude, has awakened from its slumbers and organized a board of trade and a strong effort will be made to revive business interests in the town. Prominent and wealthy citizens of the town are in the movement and the town will be given a boom.

No Meeting of the Council.

The regular monthly meeting of the council was not held last Friday evening, owing to the lack of a quorum of the members. Only two members were present and after a wait of over an hour for absentees, they went home.

Carpets, cheap, 15, 20 and 25 cents. Cotton ingrain carpets 35, 40, 45, cents. All wool ingrain carpets 50, 55, 60, 65, 70 and 75 cents per yard at LYON & Co's.

——Potatoes wanted at once.—C. P. Long, Spring Mills.

——C. P. Long Spring Mills, will pay you highest market prices for Potatoes.

Wall Paper.

We carry the largest stock of wall paper in Penns valley. Come and be convinced that you can buy cheaper from us than any other place.
J. S. DAUBERMAN & SON.

Children's Day.

Next Sunday evening, June 12th, Children's Day will be appropriately observed in the Lutheran church by interesting exercises. All are invited to attend these services.

Every shade of Chiffon Lace from 30 cts. up. LYON & Co.

——Highest market price paid for potatoes.—C. P. Long, Spring Mills.

——Lewins' stock of spring and summer clothing is unequaled in the county. He has a larger stock than ever to select from and of latest styles and cuts The prices never were as low.

——C. P. Long, Spring Mills, wants potatoes, at once. He pays highest price.

Young men's suits, black, brown or mixed cheviots, 3.50, 4.00, 5.00, 5.50, 6.00, 6.50, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00 and 12.00.
LYON & Co.

——A full line of latest styles in gents furnishing goods has been received at the Philad. Branch, Bellefonte. A bargain in every purchase made.

GRAIN MARKET.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON.

Wheat	85
Rye	70
Corn	40
Oats new	27
Barley	40
Buckwheat	45

PRODUCE AT STORES.

Butter	10
Eggs	14
Lard	7
Shoulders	8
Ham	12
Tallow	4
Potatoes	25
Sides	7

Boy's good, stout knee pants as low as 25 cents and up te the best.

Boys long pants, good goods, excellent styles, durable and dressy at 75, 85, 95 and up to $2.50.

Men's strong and stout working pants, good colors 75, $1.00, 1.50 and up

We can show you 50 different styles of the handsomest new patterns in men's all wool dress pants for $2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00 and 5.00.

A bargain with seeking, 10 lots of men's summer suits, all wool, fine goods, reduced from $10.00 and 12.00 to 5.50, 6.00 and 7.50.

The best fitting black cheviot suits, first-class goods, at $5.50, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00 and 12.00.

Boys' and youths' black and brown cheviot suits, at $4.50, 5.00, 5.50, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00 and 10.00.

We have boys' suits from 4 to 14 years at $1.50, good styles, good colors, neat and serviceable

Boys' suits 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 4.00 and 5.00.

Fifty different styles of mens' nobby pantaloons all wool, grand styles, $2.00, 2.50, 2.75, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00 and 5.00.

Mens' dress shoes, ne shoddy, all solid as leather can make them, $1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 2.75, 3.00, 3.50 and 4.00. Boys dress shoes the same grade $1.25 1.50, and 1.75.

Boys stout working shoes or stout dress shoes $1.00, 1.25 per pair.

Ladies' jackets tan and black from $3.00 up to 12.00, and they are simply perfect in the make and fit. Some of our lady customers will not buy a jacket from anybody else as they cannot get such fitting jackets as we have Blazers with cords $3.00; Reefers with frogs or pearl buttons in tan or black $3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9 00, 10.00 and 12.00.

Did you ever see miss's stylish jackets at $1.50, 2.00, 2.25, 2.50? We have them.

Dress ginghams, piles and plies of them at 6¾, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, and 15 cents.

Dress ginghams, beautiful styles, fine as silk 15, 18, 20, 25 and 30 cents.

Outing cloth 8, 9 and 10 cents. A big variety.

The finest grades of Bedford cords, henriettas, cashmeres—those beautiful new shades do for wedding gowns, all wool and the very finest 50, 60, 65, 75 and 90 cents, all shades of tans, grays, stones and drabs.

Curtain scrims, too cherp to leave your windows with the old ones, 7½, 8, 9, 10 and 12½ cents.

Curtain laces 10, 12½, 15, 18, 20 and 25 cents.

Lace curtains by the pair—styles are simply grand—65c, 75, $1, 1.25, 1.50, 2, 2.50, 3.00 and 4.00 the pair.

Just think of getting a pretty stylish summer dress for 60c. beautiful challies at 6c a yard, and fast colors at that.

Satoens in black and colors, 10c, 12½, 15, 20 and 25 per yard.

Embroidery for dresses, 36-inch wide goods, 40 50, 60, 75 and up to $2 a yard.

Embroidery for young girls dresses, 25c, 35, 40 and 50 per yard.

Nainsooks, India linen, Victoria lawns, from 10c to 50.

You will not get such surah or china silks everywhere at such prices—35, 40, 50, 65 and 75c per yard—all the shades.

Ladies Oxford ties—five shelves full and the counter full—from 50c to $1.50 per pair.

Ladies dress shoes—$1 to 4.50 per pair.

Carpets for 15 and 20c.

Carpets—flowered carpets—20, 25, 30, 35 and 40c.

All wool ingrain carpets—note these prices—50, 55, 60, 65 and 75c.

Tapestry brussels, 48, 50, 60 and so on up to 90c per yard.

Black lace flouncing—we pretty nearly forgot—all silk: 45in wide, lovely patterns, 75c, $1, 1.25 to 1.75 the yard.

LYON & CO.,
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